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## The Week.

THE Senate has listened during the week to Mr. Morrill's, Mr. Drake's, Mr. Harlan's, and Mr. Tipton's speeches on reconstruction. It has had reported by its Finance Committee a bill in substitution of Mr. Sherman's, which provides for the issue of five per cent. bonds, to be called "consolidated debt bonds," to an amount sufficient to cover all the national indebtedness except such as is represented by the present five per cent. bonds. The Senate resolution authorizing the Secretary of War to employ counsel in defence of Generals Meade and Ruger, sued by Governor Jenkins, was adopted at once by the House. Nothing else of importance has been done in the upper House, though many bills and resolutions have been introduced. The amended Tenure-of-office bill, we may add, has passed the Senate, and allows Mr. Seward five supplemental agents of the State Department. In the House, on Wednesday, Mr. Marshall and Mr. Logan, both of Illinois, had an altercation, in which, as regards vileness of language, Mr. Marshall rather had the better of his opponent, who, however, was quite Mr. Marshall's equal in essential ungentlemanliness. The House also has listened to speeches on reconstruction and the condition of the finances of the country. A bill restoring to market lands on the line of the Pacific Railroad and its branches was passed on Friday with great despatch. It opens the sections numbered with even numbers to immediate occupancy under the Homestead Law, and puts on such lands the price of \$2 50 an acre. This was on Friday; and on that day Mr. Wilson denied very emphatically that he had ever testified that Chief-Justice Chase or Judge Davis had used in his hearing language as to reconstruction laws similar to that attributed to Judge Field. Appropriation bills have occupied a good deal of the attention of the House during the week. It found time, however, to consider the case of Engineer Sawyer, whom Mr. Welles dismissed from the service for language used in political discussion with a fellow-officer disrespectful to the President.

Decidedly the most important event of the week is the rejection—which seems to be now certain—of the Alabama constitution, and consequent failure—only temporary, we trust—of the work of reconstruction in that State. The miscarriage has been wrought by the Southern whites, who, it appears, are able to bring sufficient influence, part legitimate, no doubt, but mainly illegitimate, to bear on the blacks to

make them (the whites), in spite of the disfranchising clauses, more than a match for the Loyal Leagues. It is, in fact, a fresh illustration of the strength of the probability to which we called attention the other day when arguing against the policy of stripping the Supreme Court of its power or any portion of it—that when reconstruction is complete and the troops withdrawn, the whites will rapidly reassume predominance in the government, no matter what arrangement we may now make on paper. The object of reconstruction, therefore, ought to be, we hold, to qualify the blacks, by education and constitutional provisions, and by strengthening all the legal defences of liberty, property, and equality, for the exercise of a fair share of political influence at the South—as much as will cause their wants, wishes, and opinions to be considered in legislation. For supremacy at the South, for keeping the whites down, we cannot qualify them. What is now to be done is a serious question. There is some danger that the Radical leaders may, with their usual impetuosity, rush into a "special enactment" admitting Alabama in spite of the rejection of the constitution, thus throwing the Reconstruction act overboard, making its authors ridiculous, and making the return of the South to the Union without conditions, or at least without operative conditions, all but certain. We hope, therefore, there will now be no "cowardice." Let us have no "steps backward." The Reconstruction act is a good act; its enforcement is essential, and we trust Congress will stand by it. If the South has been deluded into the belief that by staying out it can avoid the legitimate consequences of its defeat, let it stay out till it gets over the delusion. Military government in that region is doing no harm. On the contrary, we hold it to be just the kind of government the crisis requires. It is teaching the whites what nothing else could teach them—respect for law; and is teaching the blacks what is for them the first step in political education—confidence in the law. Military government, in fact, is at this moment a great agent of civilization.

The McCardle case has come up before the Supreme Court, Mr. Trumbull appearing for the military authorities. The constitutionality of the Reconstruction act was not raised by him. He simply argued against the jurisdiction of the court, on the ground that the Judiciary act of 1789, from which the United States courts derived their authority to issue writs of *habeas corpus*, permitted no appeal in such cases to the Supreme from the Circuit courts. The act of 1867, which conferred additional jurisdiction, did so, he maintained, solely in reference to cases in which persons were deprived of their liberty under State authority. The court has reserved its decision.

Another important opinion has been promulgated by the court in the Mississippi and Georgia cases, which were argued last spring, and in which injunctions were sought to restrain the Secretary of War and others from carrying out the Reconstruction act. The application was denied at the time, and the reasons why, from which Chief-Justice Chase expressed his dissent, while concurring in the conclusion, were read on Monday by Judge Nelson. They are, substantially, that the question is a political one, and that, if the court granted the application, it would be in effect the exercise of political power. The judgment is mainly important as showing the reluctance of the whole court to meddle in reconstruction, or in any way to throw itself across the track of Congress or of the Executive, and ought to make some of the "sons of thunder" who have been abusing it for the last month a little ashamed of their work. But it does not, it seems to us, remove all grounds for anxiety as to the McCardle case, for Judge Nelson in several places suggests the inference that a bill, showing that the act of Congress in some way infringed on rights of persons or of property, might be differently treated.

Gold continues to steal up, the speculators being at work, the uncertainties of Washington politics now supplying them with the materials which the uncertainties of war used to supply. Rumors are steadily manufactured just as they used to be between 1861 and 1865, and are brought in by "reliable gentlemen" from the White House and the Reconstruction and Judiciary Committees, just as they used to be from the Potomac and the Shenandoah Valley. One of the most remarkable during the past week has been the report that Mr. Johnson was going to say dreadful things to Mr. Thornton, the new British minister, on the very day of his presentation; or, in other words, to behave like a savage. As Mr. Seward prepares the addresses delivered on these occasions, and is, whatever his political faults may be, a civilized man, the expected "scene" did not take place. Mr. Johnson expressed his admiration of Queen Victoria, and his desire for peace and prosperity in the usual way. The Alabama check has, doubtless, a good deal to do with the rise, as it opens up a prospect of formidable difficulties in the reconstruction process. Yet why should anybody be troubled? Is not the Reconstruction Committee busily engaged in considering whether, in the last letter written by the "traitor of the White House," there is not some basis for impeachment? What harm can come upon us when our statesmen are thus vigilant and prudent and energetic?

"It is an ill wind that blows nobody good," and the late correspondence between Grant and the President has apparently lighted up the horizon for the gentlemen who are now known as "the original impeachers." They have met, have maturely weighed Mr. Johnson's letters to Grant, and have come to the conclusion that if there be not matter in them for impeachment, there certainly is matter for further consideration. We have little doubt that the thing about those letters which most impressed the more intelligent portion of the community was their extreme folly—or rather silliness. They have done absolutely no harm to anybody except Mr. Johnson himself, and throw no fresh light on his character or aims. Whether Grant said or did not say what the President says he said, or whether the President said what Grant says he said, possesses little interest for the public, inasmuch as it makes no change in public affairs. Mr. Stanton remains in the War Department, Grant in the command-in-chief. Mr. Johnson twaddles in the White House to the newspaper reporters, as he has always twaddled. When we consider what the problems are which are now before Congress, both political and financial—problems such as have hardly ever come before any legislative body in the world—this solemn deliberation of the Reconstruction Committee on the late correspondence, coupled with the solemn enquiry into what Judge Field said at a dinner party, suggests some partly comic, partly painful reflections.

During the debate last week about the "special diplomatic agents" who were sent to Europe by Mr. Seward during the war, to influence public opinion in behalf of the North, Mr. Seward's assumption that these gentlemen helped to save "the life of the nation" was apparently accepted a little more hastily than it ought to have been. We mean nothing disrespectful to these gentlemen when we say that we do not believe that any one of them influenced the opinions of anybody in Europe whose opinions were worth anything. In fact, in the selection of them Mr. Seward displayed his usual contempt for the European understanding. Those who were sent to the Continent were generally ignorant of Continental languages and Continental society, and had to serve their country simply through their personal appearance. Bishop McIlvaine went to England, but we venture to say he did not make a single convert, and if he ever got one into the "hopefully anxious" state, all further progress must have stopped by the appearance of Archbishop Hughes—another of the special agents—in Ireland, where he went to work to help his colleague in England by delivering Fenian, or at least strongly anti-English, speeches. In fact, the whole scheme was a delusion, and we can only account for its conception by supposing, what is hardly supposable, that Mr. Seward was totally ignorant of European manners and customs and of the influences by which European society is affected.

The *Alabama* case is undergoing a hot discussion in England between "Historicus" and Lord Hobart, the former being now just as sure of the impropriety of referring the whole case to arbitration as he was three or four years ago, but now is not, of the impropriety of referring the *Alabama* case alone to arbitration. Lord Hobart takes the other side, and urges the reference of the whole matter to an arbitrator just as Mr. Seward proposes, and accuses "Historicus" of "sharp practice," who replies with much effulgence. At this point, Mr. John Morley, the editor of the *Fortnightly Review*, who has recently been in this country, appears on the scene, and takes sides with Lord Hobart, showing that the worst enemies of England in this country are anxious that it should not be settled, and saying very plainly that, if the matter be not settled by arbitration now, it will have to be settled by arbitration some day under worse auspices. Mr. Seward has been badly mauled by "Historicus" for self-contradiction—an unpleasantness to which excessive indulgence in rhetoric has often brought even abler men than Mr. Seward. There is no vice more insidious and more injurious to the mental constitution.

The Honorable Robert J. Walker, who is a "statesman of the old school," has been enlightening the country about the advantages to the United States of the islands of St. Thomas and St. John, and they are positively awful to contemplate. It appears that with these two islands in our hands, we shall, in the next war with England, be enabled "to flank" the British fleet "in the West Indies;" destroy all her carrying trade, amounting to two billion dollars a year; annex the Dominion of Canada, which that darkly cunning intriguer, Palmerston, got up "to be a rival power to us on this continent;" "send a sufficient force to Ireland, with arms for her whole people, and thus secure independence." But should we stop here? Never. "From our Pacific possessions we must assail her East India possessions, and finally destroy her commerce upon the ocean; and when in want of food, or of the raw materials of manufacture or of markets for them, the fires in all her workshops would be extinguished, a revolution would be inevitable, and a republic would arise on the ruins of crowns and coronets." We hereby give Mr. Walker notice that we shall oppose this consummation with all our might. There is only one man in the country capable of uperintending the vast plan of operations by land and sea which he has here traced out, and that man is the Honorable Robert J. Walker himself; and when the work is done, we shall certainly not connive at any attempt to rob him of his fairly earned reward. On "the ruins of the crowns and coronets" we shall support the erection of an empire of which Mr. Walker shall be emperor, and George Francis Train Mamamouchi, and shall rely on their both spreading the principles of freedom still further. After having ruined the only free state in Europe, they will certainly not spare France and Germany. The monarchs of those countries will doubtless beg for mercy, and their deluded subjects may entreat Mr. Walker to let them govern themselves in the way that best suits them; but we trust he will not be moved by their uproar. Firmness in such cases is the truest kindness.

Mr. Adams has, it is said, resigned his post in London, and is coming home in April. We doubt if anybody in the diplomatic service of the country has done one-quarter as much for it as he, or is entitled to quarter as much gratitude. His post has been emphatically the post of danger, and one in which only a small portion of the work could be done by correspondence. The duties of the American minister in London must be always largely social duties, and the peculiar constitution of English society renders these more difficult of performance than they are in any other European capital. Mr. Adams, however, not only has discharged them in a way to reflect the highest credit on the country, but he has conducted the most important diplomatic correspondence which has taken place since the outbreak of the war, and conducted it with a vigor, clearness, and ability which no other representative of the United States has equalled or even approached. The controversy of 1865 with Lord Russell will always remain one of the most honorable chapters in the history of American diplomacy, a real model both of style and argumentation. Trying as his position was during the war, however, it has since been more trying still. He has had for the last two years to protect the Fenians against the English courts of justice—



a task for which of course no salary or dignity would compensate any respectable and intelligent man, and the wonder is that he has borne the burden so long. The choice of his successor is an important matter just at this crisis.

Reconstruction in the South seems to have got thus far: In Alabama, the convention, a well-behaved and sensible body of men, has submitted to the people for ratification a very good constitution. The probabilities are that it is defeated, the white men, except in Northern Alabama, having registered in large numbers to increase the total number of voters, having almost to a man refrained from voting in order that the majority of all registered voters which the Reconstruction act requires might not be obtained, and having, if all, or most, accounts are true, done a great deal in the way of intimidation to prevent the casting of even a tolerably full negro vote. The Louisiana Convention is nearly ready to submit its work to the people of the State. There is not a certainty that even in Louisiana the legal voters will be able to sustain the work of the delegates whom they were able to elect. There has been nothing in General Hancock's action as commander in the Fifth District which seems to warrant anything of the kind, but the Democratic party seem to be expecting that General Hancock's superintendence of the election will be more favorable to the Conservative party than General Sheridan's would have been. Still, so much of the total vote of the State is cast in New Orleans that a good part of the negro voters will cast their ballots without terror of their lives, and the result may not at all improbably be favorable to the Republicans. In Arkansas, little or nothing has been done, and the same thing is true of the Mississippi and Florida conventions. The last-named body has divided into two parts of nearly equal size, called the Majority and Minority Conventions. The division was caused by the unwillingness of the minority to recognize the right of unnaturalized persons and persons not residents of Florida to sit in the convention. Each fragmentary convention has organized, and proceeds with the business of reconstruction. A good deal of bitterness of feeling has been shown in all the conventions in regard to the presence, and great prominence as members, of what the Louisiana people call "carpet-baggers"—men, that is, who are new-comers in the country. Many of these Northern men are fully deserving of all the contempt bestowed upon them. We see conspicuous the names of several such who are as destitute of character as of ability, and whose assistance in the peaceful founding of a State can be of no value. One of them, we are glad to see, is in a fair way to be expelled from the Georgia Convention for disgraceful crimes. Georgia, like Virginia, moves slowly in reconstructing herself. Neither, we believe, has done much more than revise its constitution and bill of rights. Georgia has, however, passed a "Relief Law" which takes from the courts jurisdiction as regards debts contracted during the war, but permits the legislature hereafter to abrogate the provisions, except in the case of debts for slaves. North Carolina has made a similar enactment, and generally is working quietly and sensibly. All of the conventions have been disgraced, as legislative bodies in the South are apt to be, by one or more "personal difficulties." A member of the Georgia Convention has been killed by another member, a son of Doctor Mackey; the president of the North Carolina Convention beat a scurrilous reporter of the *Charleston Mercury*, which journal had abused his father; and several members of the Virginia Convention have avowed a general willingness to shoot. Finally, Texas is now voting on the question whether or not she will hold a convention.

The Italian Minister of Finance, Count Cambray Digny, has made his financial statement, from which it appears that a deficit of \$48,000,000 is anticipated in the year 1869. Moreover, the total deficit at the close of the present year, including that of 1866 and 1867, is \$126,000,000. We enumerated last week some of the expedients by which it is proposed to fill this appalling gulf. The most remarkable feature in the statement was the total want of confidence in the elasticity of the revenue, which forms so strong an element in the calculations of financiers in this country. He does not hope, after doing all that can be done by way of cutting down expenditure and increasing taxation, to bring about an equilibrium between the outgoings and incomings for twelve years to come. The receipts from the sale of church

property, he says, are exaggerated, and will not amount to more than \$10,000,000 a year, for the present. Strange to say, he still treats the paper legal tenders, by which a large portion of recent government obligations have been met, as simply evidences of unpaid debt, and not as an instrument for the complete discharge of debts—a piece of obtuseness on the Count's part which will doubtless greatly amuse the Pennsylvania State Treasurer and General Butler.

The Eastern question remains as complicated and as dangerous as ever. Russia has been working hard along the Danube in Pan-Slavic propagandism, and has got the Servians into such a state of excitement that Prince Michael wants to fight, and has for some months been busy arming, and even, as we have mentioned, tried to obtain a supply of muskets from Austria. His performances have, in fact, been sufficiently alarming to put an end to the shadowy alliance into which France seemed to be drawn with Russia some months ago, when it addressed a note jointly with that power and Prussia to Turkey on the Cretan question. Since then it has abandoned Russia, and seemed so little pleased with its performance on the Cretan question that it did not insert the correspondence in the "yellow book" presented to the Chambers at the opening of the session, whereat Russia was vexed, and published it herself. France since then has joined England and Austria, and notes from the three, similar in substance if not in form, are now showered weekly on Prince Michael, warning him to keep quiet and let Turkey alone. Russia, in the meantime, has called home Baron Budberg, her ambassador at Paris, and General Ignatieff, her ambassador at Constantinople. Both these gentlemen have the reputation of being extremists on the Turkish question; and if either of them was placed in the Ministry of Foreign Affairs in place of Prince Gortschakoff, who is old and moderate, it would be considered an indication that Alexander was disposed to brave Western opinion as his father did. The breech-loaders for which Russia has contracted, however, both in this country and England, are not deliverable till 1869.

In spite of the general declarations in favor of peace, the increase of armaments amongst the great European powers continues on a tremendous scale. In Italy, they are about to build nine iron-plated vessels and alter the carbines of the marines. The Spanish Cortes has passed an arming bill, and the Government is said to be going to buy fifty thousand breech-loaders in this country. The Servian Government has applied to Austria for twenty thousand muskets, but has not got them. The Italian papers say that Prussia is making enormous military preparations. The *Invalide Russe* shows that the Russian army has been diminished by seven hundred thousand men, but acknowledges that the reserve has been greatly increased, and that eight hundred thousand needle-guns will be ready for use this year. The Vicar of Jesus Christ, even, is trying to increase his "army of flesh" to twenty-five thousand men. We know what France is doing, but, nevertheless, it is said that only about ninety thousand men are armed with the Chassepot as yet, which, if true, makes peace tolerably certain for another year. In the presence of all this, no wonder that trade is stagnant and the bank vaults bursting with specie.

The Fenians will quake in their boots on learning that M. Louis Veuillot has received from the Abbé Camalot an infallible specific for breaking up their organization and bringing them to naught, which he has communicated to the Queen and Parliament of England gratis, and which is the more valuable inasmuch as it also supplies the means of "retaining the empire of the seas and the possession of India." It consists simply in inviting the Pope to come over and sing a mass in St. Paul's, and "to proclaim in the same building the definitive abolition of the bastard work of Henry VIII., and to restore the pontifical authority on the ruins of Anglicanism." How wide the breach is between the two great divisions of the Anglican Church we may infer from the fact that Dr. Hugh McNeille, a distinguished Low Church clergyman in Liverpool, has recently declared that he could no more consent to share in the Anglican worship, as conducted at the Ritualistic church at St. Albans and in London, than "be wilfully guilty of Sabbath-breaking, adultery, or theft."

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### THE POLITICAL CURRENT.

HARD times always dispose men to vote against the party in power. With or without reason, it is natural and easy for business men in distress to lay the responsibility of their troubles upon those who have the control of public affairs; and, in general, the "powers that be" are sufficiently in fault to justify their constituents in charging them with at least a part of the general distress. Accordingly, in 1837, 1840, and 1858, the collapse of business led to great changes of the public mind upon questions of political economy, and contributed largely to the political changes of those years. Moreover, the Republican party naturally suffers for the moment from the slow progress of reconstruction. Although the author of the plan now in operation, its execution cannot be said to be in its hands; nevertheless, it is not unnaturally held responsible for most of the delays. Some of these have been undoubtedly due to hasty legislation, but most of them to the passive hostility of the Southern people, encouraged by Mr. Johnson and his adherents. The measures, too, which have been taken to hasten the process have been for the most part violent and ill-judged, and have increased instead of allaying the popular distrust. Paradoxical as it may seem, too, the party has been weakened by the President's growing insignificance. When, as in 1866, he was pouring vituperation on Congress while still in possession of all the powers so lavishly bestowed on Mr. Lincoln, and when his intentions and capacity were still unknown, the means of resisting him undeveloped, and when people looked with dread on the possible consequences of an alliance between him and the South or the Democrats, the country naturally rallied to the support of Congress as the sole guardian of the fruits of the war. Since then he has been completely disarmed, tied neck and heels, and has lost the confidence of the South, and is openly repudiated and sneered at by the Northern Democrats. His hostility is, therefore, no longer of much use to the Republicans, and many men who were willing to go to any lengths against the President rampant begin to feel reactionary compunction for the President couchant.

It is very evident that the commercial difficulties of the present time are having an effect similar to that which they had in former years, and that the people are bent on finding relief from their embarrassments through a change in the administration of the public finances. Unpleasant as is the acknowledgment, we think it cannot be denied that the debtor class, constituting a majority of the community (especially at the West), have determined to relieve themselves, no matter at what cost to the honor of the nation, or to those public interests which most men profess to hold dearer than their own private good. At this particular time, the effect of this determination is highly favorable to the Democratic party, which occupies the advantageous position of being responsible for nothing, and being free to criticise everything, without proposing anything. And if the Presidential election were coming off this week, the Republican candidate, no matter who he might be, would have a very poor chance for election. But there are many indications that the Democracy may be disappointed in the hopes which they are building upon the distress and impatience of business men. The pressure has been so severe as to shake the integrity of the Republican party, and it now seems probable that measures will be adopted by Congress which will afford the trading classes all the relief which they need for a year or two to come. Some of these measures, such as a reduction of expenses, and consequently of taxation, are unqualifiedly beneficial. Others, we fear, will give only temporary relief at the expense of permanent disaster. But if the people are determined to resort to such expedients, it is useless to blame severely the small politicians who manage both political parties for yielding to the popular will. We have the same opinion as to

the folly of expansion, and the same conviction of the ultimate ruin which it must bring upon all business, which we have heretofore expressed. But people believe it will bring temporary relief to the embarrassed classes; and it seems highly probable that this belief will be decisive of the political campaign of 1868. The Republican managers calculate that if they can revive the apparent prosperity of the country until after the election they will gain a hold upon the people which no arguments as to what the Democratic party *could* do if it had the power will be able to shake. Business men will fancy that they are, as a matter of fact, restored to prosperity by the Republican party, and they will have little inclination to consider whether the Democratic party might not have done better for them. Moreover, the North is naturally Republican, and will remain so unless something more than merely speculative reasonings calls for a change. The difficulties of reconstruction have driven many Republicans from their party, but these alone will not suffice to change the result of the Presidential election. If the business men of the country are prosperous, or think they are, the Republican party will sweep the North as it has done for twelve years past with only two exceptions.

The New Hampshire election comes on so early (March 10) as to give the Democrats all the advantage of the present reactionary sentiment of the people. It is unreasonable to expect anything less than a reduction of last year's Republican majority, and there is some ground for fearing that the result may be even more unfavorable, as the Democrats made heavy gains in the last municipal elections. Whatever the result may be, however, we think it will mark the lowest ebb of the Republican party, and that nothing worse may be expected for the rest of the year unless Congress is led into some scheme of unusual folly or should revive and press the Reconstruction and Supreme Court bills, which are now sleeping comfortably in the Senate.

It is exceedingly important, with reference to the financial affairs of the country, that the Eastern and Middle States should be kept under the control of the Republican party. Nearly all Western politicians of both parties are demoralized on the financial question, and the only conservative influence remaining is that of the Republicans on the Atlantic shore. That will be seriously weakened by their defeat in the spring elections, and such a result will be construed as an indication that the East as well as the West is in favor of reckless expansion and perpetual insolvency.

No conscientious Republican at the East need hesitate to vote with his party at the approaching elections. It is entirely sound in that section upon the financial issues of the day, and its success is the only hope for national honesty and honor. Even at the West the financial theories of the Republicans are far less objectionable than those of their opponents, and the most rigid upholder of public good faith need not hesitate in his choice of parties. The Republican party in any section of the country has a long way to fall before reaching the level of the Democracy.

### INFLATION IN ITS RELATION TO THE MONEY MARKET.

THE multiplex figures of the "Quarterly Reports of the National Banking Associations of the United States" can scarcely be considered very entertaining reading. Indeed, they belong to that class of newspaper information which the great mass of readers turn from with an aversion far from unreasonable. For a healthy mind naturally spurns the unintelligible, or, what is worse, the meaningless; and it is certainly not too much to say that, for all but an infinitesimal minority, these figures are utterly void of meaning or purpose. But when attentively examined by the light of actual developments in business outside of mere banking circles, they are found to be full of practical information of the most valuable kind, and to furnish us with the sole means of judging understandingly some of the important financial problems now under discussion. Indeed, these quarterly bank reports, lightly as they seem to be regarded by most persons, are in reality the most perfect and most comprehensive financial record ever possessed by any people, and by their accumulating fund of facts heretofore unknown will, in a few years, almost compensate for the evils of the system to which they owe their origin.



One of the first things that must strike every careful examiner of these figures is the small amount of money that the banks hold. To the question, Where is the greatest part of the large amount of money now in circulation to be found? nine persons out of ten would probably answer, In the banks. But so little is this the fact that, of 650 millions of money in circulation on January 6, 1868, the banks held precisely 133 millions, or very little more than one-fifth. The United States Treasury, at the same time, held about 25 millions more, making for the Treasury and the banks together about 150 millions. The balance of all the outstanding circulation, to wit, about 500 millions, or nearly four-fifths of the whole, was in the pockets or money-drawers of the people.

If we look back to the quarterly reports of the same time last year, we find that the total amount of money or currency in circulation at that time was about 675 millions, or 25 millions more than now. Of this 675 millions the banks and the Treasury together held almost precisely the same amount as now, namely, about 150 millions, while the people held 25 millions more than now, or about 525 millions. Any one at all acquainted with business knows that at this time last year, with 525 millions in the hands of the people and 150 millions in the banks and Treasury, money was scarce and the rate of interest 7 per cent., while now, with only 500 millions in the hands of the people and 150 millions in the banks and Treasury, money is abundant and can scarcely be loaned at 4 per cent. It is hence very evident that the abundance and cheapness of money are not entirely dependent upon the amount of money in circulation, and that with 675 millions of circulation money may be scarce and dear, while with 650 millions of circulation it may be abundant and cheap.

The inference we draw from this fact is, that the present depression in business cannot possibly, as is so generally supposed, be due to Mr. McCulloch's contraction of the currency. For it is evident that the only way in which a contraction or diminution of the currency can injure business, is by making currency or money more scarce or more difficult to obtain, and consequently dearer. If, after the contraction of 25 millions, money is cheaper than before and more abundant and more easy to obtain, then it is evident that the depression in business has not been caused by the contraction. Contraction certainly has not produced the abundance and cheapness of money, but money is cheaper and more abundant *in spite of* contraction. Contraction certainly may make money scarce and thereby depress business, but the present depression in business cannot be due to contraction, since contraction has entirely failed to make money scarce.

With the undeniable fact before us that money is cheaper and more abundant to-day after a contraction of 25 millions than it was a year ago before this contraction was made, what sense is there in the arguments against contraction drawn from the present depressed condition of business? If business is more depressed with money at 5 per cent. than it was with money at 7 per cent., what can contraction have to do with it? and if increasing ease in money does not improve business, do the inflation visionaries dream that by making money still more abundant they will make business any better?

In fact, money is not the motive power in business at all, but simply an instrument, a tool. Circumstances can arise which make money so scarce as actually to prevent the transaction of business. In that case an additional supply of money would undoubtedly so much aid and facilitate business that it would have the appearance of actually stimulating and increasing it. But under no other circumstances—all our war experience to the contrary—can a mere increase of money, or increased facilities for obtaining money, or an increased cheapness in money, produce the slightest increase or improvement in business. As a rule, no bank or banker lends money without security. As a rule, nobody borrows money on security unless he believes he can make more than the interest by buying merchandise or other valuables. Hence, it makes no difference to a merchant how many millions he can borrow at four per cent. on good security unless he can buy something with it that is likely to pay him a profit. No man, because he can borrow money at five, or four, or three per cent., rushes into the markets to buy up flour and stocks and cotton merely for the pleasure of the thing and without regard to profit. No sensible merchant buys anything unless he believes that its price will advance, *from the nature*

*of things.* No one but a fool thinks that his own purchases will advance the market sufficiently to enable him to sell out again at a profit; and if knaves and fools do occasionally combine to "force up" the price of any article because money is easily borrowed to do it with, it does not need much experience in the ways of the world to know the result.

There is nothing in the recent experience of trade in this city to conflict with this. The recent advance in cotton, gold, and stocks is not directly based upon the cheapness of money. Cotton has advanced because the receipts have declined, the stock is light, trade in Liverpool is improving, and the prospects are considered bad for next year's crop. Gold has advanced because the course of politicians in Washington is expected to injure our credit abroad, and thus disturb our foreign exchanges. Stocks have advanced because the extreme dullness and unprofitableness of trade and manufactures have caused many capitalists to purchase railroad and other stocks as likely to pay a better return for the money invested than either trading or manufacturing. It is true that this natural advance in many things has been anticipated, accompanied, and intensified by speculation, and that speculation could not have been carried to the same extent without an easy money market. But it is also true that the natural advance would have taken place even if money had been less abundant, and, further, that the rise in price of some few articles, even if it had been caused by the abundance and cheapness of money, is very far indeed from being an improvement of business, as the great majority of the mercantile classes can readily testify. That the greatest possible abundance of money can be accompanied by a steady decline in all prices and a universal depression of business, is seen not only from our own experience, but far more strikingly from the financial events of the last eighteen months in England. There money has gradually grown cheaper, until it is difficult to lend it at one and one-half per cent. per annum, yet prices of almost every single article have steadily fallen off, business has been in a state of chronic lethargy, ship-yards have been idle, factories running on half-time, strikes have been the order of the day, and the suffering among the laboring poor has been most intense. There is not one sound reason for supposing that with us great abundance of money would produce results which it is found incapable of producing elsewhere, and which cannot by any process of reasoning be fairly anticipated from it. Hence, all the expectations now so generally indulged in of an improved business as likely to result from the cheapness and abundance of money alone are and must be totally unfounded, and the secret hope with which inflation is looked for by the suffering merchants will meet with double disappointment.

Not only will cheap money fail to improve business, but inflation will even fail to make money cheap and abundant. In fact, paradoxical as the assertion may appear, the amount of money in circulation the amount of currency in use, has directly nothing whatever to do with the cheapness or abundance of money. We might have much more currency out, and yet money be scarce; and we might have much less currency out, and yet money be almost worthless.

The quarterly bank reports show that on January 6, 1868, all the banks of the United States together had invested every dollar of their capital in United States securities. It is evident, therefore, that they had no portion of their capital left to employ in loans to any one. They were, however, allowed to issue three hundred millions of national bank-note currency which they could lend. Yes! But the quarterly reports again show that almost every dollar of these three hundred millions was invested in real estate, internal revenue stamps, compound interest notes, coin and greenbacks, or else was held in the vaults of the banks in the shape of currency itself. It is evident, therefore, that they had no portion of their currency left to employ in loans to any one. Their capital was employed in one thing, their currency in another; they could not lend either their capital or their currency, and yet the quarterly returns show that they had lent the community over six hundred millions of dollars. What is it, then, that they have lent the community? It is simply their credit.

When A, a merchant, borrows five hundred dollars of the First National Bank, he does not receive that amount in greenbacks or bank-notes. He simply receives a "credit" on the bank—that is, permission to draw his check upon the bank for the specified amount. The bank does not lend him a single dollar in money; it only lends him its

credit; and in ordinary times and for all ordinary business purposes this check, this bank credit, is readily taken everywhere in place of money, and indeed preferred to it. It is very true that every check, if presented to the bank, would have to be paid in greenbacks or bank-notes, but the fact is that nineteen out of twenty checks so drawn never are presented for payment in money, and upon this single circumstance the whole money market hinges.

A borrows five hundred dollars of the First National Bank. He draws his check for the amount and hands it over to B, in payment of goods bought of him. B deposits A's check in the Second National Bank.

C borrows five hundred dollars of the Second National Bank. He draws his check for the amount and hands it to D in payment of a debt. D deposits C's check in the First National Bank.

At night or next morning the two banks compare notes. Each holds checks on the other for the same amount. They simply exchange them, and the accounts between them are immediately settled.

It is evident that these two banks have then loaned to A and C one thousand dollars without taking a single dollar of money from their vaults. It is also evident that if they had loaned in a similar way a million or five hundred millions, the result would have been precisely the same. Now, if there were only these two banks in existence, and each of them loaned precisely the same amount, and they were certain that all the checks drawn upon them would be deposited in one or other of them, or, in other words, would not be presented to them for payment in money, then it is perfectly clear that these two banks could lend an absolutely unlimited amount, and could supply Wall Street with ten times more money than it could use, and could make money cheaper and more abundant than it is in London, without having a single dollar of actual money in their vaults.

Of course there are many more than two banks, and they all loan in very different amounts and different proportions, but in practice the result is really the same, for this reason: If there were only two banks, and the First National loaned out more than the Second, then when night came the Second would hold more checks against the First than the First would hold against the Second, and the difference would have to be paid in actual money. For a day or two this would not make much difference, but if persisted in would very soon deprive the bank thus lending in excess of its neighbors of all its money, and compel it to stop lending or else to fail. In this way each bank is prevented from lending out of proportion to its neighbors, so that fifty banks in a city are really in precisely the same position as two. They are compelled to loan all in nearly the same proportion, and thus so long as all checks drawn upon them are deposited in one or other of them, none of these checks are presented for payment in money, and the banks can loan an absolutely unlimited amount, and can make money just as abundant and cheap as they please, without having a dollar of actual money in their vaults.

It is very true that the law interposes a limit. It says that no bank shall receive on deposit or otherwise owe more than an average of five times the amount of actual money that it has on hand. As the amount of deposits received by all the banks is really nothing but the amounts loaned by other banks, the effect of this law simply is to prohibit the banks from lending more than five times the amount of actual money they have on hand. This seemingly important restriction is, however, for the present, at least, of no practical importance, for the reason that the banks have not been willing or able to lend anything like the full amount allowed by law. The quarterly bank returns again furnish us with illustration and proof. Although the banks of all the United States together had lent on January 6, 1868, over six hundred millions, they nevertheless had at that date nearly seventy-five millions more actual money on hand than the law compelled them to have, and they thus could, without infringing the law, have lent the community three hundred millions more than they actually had lent, if they had been required to do so or had seen their advantage in doing it.

The position we have now arrived at is this: The banks do not lend money—they only lend their credit, which in the commercial world answers all the purposes of money. The amount of these credits is limited only by two restrictions: one is the law, the other is the condition that these credits shall be deposited in other banks. The

limit placed by the law is so wide that the banks could to-day lend three hundred millions, in addition to what they have already lent, without infringing it. The other limit, the condition that the credits lent by the banks should be deposited in other banks, we have not space to consider now. It must here suffice to say, that at the present moment this condition is evidently complied with to its fullest extent, since not only in the great Atlantic cities, but even in the Western capitals where money is comparatively scarce, the deposits in all the banks are steadily increasing. We may, therefore, for brevity's sake, safely disregard this condition here. We conclude: The banks have lent their credit in sufficient amounts to make money worth no more than four to five per cent. per annum in the great commercial centres, and, if the community had profitable employment for them, the banks could lend them three hundred millions more. But the community absolutely has no use for them; absolutely refuses to borrow them even at the unprecedentedly low rates of interest now prevailing. Now, we ask, what sound argument in favor of inflation can be produced against these facts? What, in the name of common sense, can be urged in favor of making still more money? Nobody supposes that when the Government prints money it is given away. It is paid out to some one whom the Government owes. The receiver will not give it away. He can only lend it, and his money will not be borrowed so readily as that of the banks, since the latter is for all commercial purposes far preferable to the printed money of the Government. Now, if we see that the Government money cannot be had for nothing, and that the banks are ready to lend at a cheap rate a better money in larger quantities than the people have any use for, what earthly sense is there in destroying the credit of the country and upsetting all its financial relations by printing additional quantities of inferior money for which there is no possible use? It is difficult to see any difference between inflation and insanity.

#### THE ALABAMA CONTROVERSY.

THE *Alabama* dispute with England has taken a very singular turn, and now on both sides of the water is in a singular position. When it first began, the prematureness of the recognition of the South by England was strongly insisted upon on the American side for the purpose of more clearly fixing on England the responsibility of the damage done by the *Alabama*—that is, by way of proving that there was animus and not simply negligence shown in letting her escape and in failing to arrest her when she again returned to British ports, and that her very existence was due to this prematureness. Had the English Government, it was said, waited for the recognition to be forced on them by facts, perhaps the facts calling for it would never have presented themselves; or had they waited till the official acts of the American Government warranting the recognition under the law of nations had been duly communicated to them and maturely considered, it would at least have proved that they had no hostile feeling against the United States when they made it. But they did neither the one thing nor the other. When the Queen's proclamation was issued, no facts making delay inadmissible had come to their knowledge in the regular way. Lord Russell had received no official information about the extent or prospects of the rebellion either from British functionaries or those of the United States. In fact, he has admitted himself that he formed his judgment about it on mere rumor. It is true, when the proclamation of neutrality was issued, the blockade proclamation had reached London, but the new American minister had not, nor were any Confederate cruisers known to be afloat. The unprecedented haste of the proceeding, therefore, even admitting its strict legality, was looked on in this country as proof of unfriendly feeling on the part of the British Government, and helped to raise a strong presumption of wilful negligence in the case of the *Alabama*. Therefore, it has been constantly insisted here that it must be held to be part and parcel of the controversy on the English liability for *Alabama* damages.

This liability was, however, treated for a long while as a wild figment of the American imagination. "Historicus" himself, in 1863, was perfectly certain that there was not a shadow of doubt about the matter, not enough even to furnish the smallest ground for referring it to arbitration. He said, in November of that year, that the decision



of the English Government in the matter "ought to be final, for they are the sole judges of it;" and that "the 'tall talk' of claims against Great Britain for compensation for prizes taken by the *Alabama* is mere nonsense, which has no color or foundation in reason, history, or law." He says now, however, in a letter to the *London Times*, that "in the particular case of the *Alabama*, and it may be of other vessels, I think, and I have always thought, that it is one which might be fairly made the subject of arbitration." Lord Stanley has, in fact, offered to leave this case to arbitration, but refuses—and "Historicus" supports him in his refusal—to submit the whole controversy, including the recognition of the South as a belligerent, to arbitration. On this, however, Mr. Seward insists, and thus the negotiations have been brought to a standstill. Mr. Seward says, in effect, "Your conduct in the matter of the belligerent rights must form part of the case, inasmuch as it throws light on your conduct in the case of the *Alabama*." To which Lord Stanley and "Historicus" reply: "We are willing to submit our conduct in the *Alabama* case to the judgment of an arbitrator, for about our liability for the mischief she did we confess there is some doubt; but our recognition of the Southern belligerency we cannot submit, for about the propriety of our conduct in this case there is no manner of doubt whatever. We know we were right in that. Our decision on it, as 'Historicus' said of the *Alabama* case in 1863, 'ought to be final, for we are the sole judges of it, and the Federal authorities may inform our judgment, but cannot question our determination.'"

This is where the matter now stands, and it is presented to us in such shape that we are luckily spared the necessity of going over the old and well-worn ground of the justifiability or unjustifiability of the conduct of the English Government. The question is simply whether the whole of their course with regard to the rebellion is proper subject for arbitration, or only part of it. The reason alleged by Lord Stanley for not submitting the recognition is simply that he is sure he is right. "Historicus" adduces this reason and one other, viz., that Mr. Seward's despatches furnish of themselves a complete justification of the Queen's proclamation. Mr. Seward says, in January, 1867, that before the Queen's proclamation the disturbance in the United States was merely a "local insurrection;" that "it wanted the name of war to enable it to be a civil war;" that "this name the President wisely and humanely refused to confer upon it;" but "that the Queen did baptize the slave insurrection within the United States a civil war." He had, however, said in a despatch to Mr. Dayton, in May, 1861, nine days before the proclamation was issued, that "the insurgents have instituted revolution with open, flagrant, deadly war, to compel the United States to acquiesce in the dismemberment of the Union. The United States have accepted this civil war as an inevitable necessity." In fact, "Historicus" rolls up against him any number of contradictions of the same sort; and if he were simply dealing with Mr. Seward, would have achieved an easy victory. Unfortunately, the English public seem to think that he is dealing simply with Mr. Seward, and that having floored him, the controversy is at an end.

Nothing seems plainer than that if no "questions of policy" and no questions in which one party is sure that it is right are, as "Historicus" seems to hold, proper subject for arbitration, arbitration can hardly ever be of any use. The questions of pure law which come up between nations are exceedingly few in number, and hardly ever cause much risk of hostilities. The rules of international law are so lax, so imperfectly defined, that nearly every international dispute is a mixed one, partly of law and partly of policy. If no point of policy, however, can ever be submitted to an arbitrator without loss of dignity, all talk of arbitration is ridiculous. The force of the English argument, that the English Government *knows* that in this case it is right, is completely destroyed by its course on the *Alabama* matter. Earl Russell and "Historicus" were sure that England was right in not submitting that to arbitration. Lord Stanley and "Historicus" now confess that Earl Russell and "Historicus" were wrong in feeling sure. This raises the question whether Lord Stanley or his successor may not think, a year or two hence, that he was wrong in not submitting the belligerent-rights affair also to arbitration, and the mere probability of this would justify Mr. Seward in suspending the negotiations and waiting, though we confess we do not believe there is anything to be gained by waiting.

But even if the force of this argument were not destroyed by the inconsistency or conversion of the English controversialists, it would, we think, be destroyed by an examination of the nature of arbitration. We quite agree with the *Pall Mall Gazette* in thinking that there is no magic in arbitration, and that it cannot make an intolerable decision tolerable; that, for instance, the question of whether a nation has a right to exist is one which could never be submitted to an arbitrator, for the simple reason that if he decided adversely his decision would never be submitted to. But then arbitration, as we understand it, is simply the reference to the decision of reason of questions which must otherwise be decided by war; and if this be a true definition of it, no question can arise between nations which is not a proper subject for arbitration if a proper arbitrator can be found. That one party feels sure it is right and its adversary wrong, so far from being a reason for not submitting to arbitration, is a reason for doing so; because wherever there is doubt on both sides, questions can in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred be settled by negotiation. It is only when unshakable confidence in one's own opinion puts an end to discussion that the intervention of another mind becomes necessary or even desirable. Moreover, the worst that could happen to England if the whole case were submitted and decided against her would be precisely what would happen to her if the *Alabama* case only were submitted and decided against her. She would have to pay damages, and that would be all. If, too, her conduct in the recognition matter be as unimpeachable as "Historicus" says it is, and Mr. Seward's talk about it as absurd as he maintains it to be, and at the same time totally irrelevant, she should, so far from objecting to its submission, eagerly urge it. If the arbitrators are the right kind of men, they will either discard it from consideration altogether or allow it to weigh in favor of England. If, on the other hand, England's conduct in that matter was not unimpeachable, it must have given good grounds of offence to the United States; and whether it had any connection with the *Alabama* case or no may for this reason fairly influence American temper in negotiating about the *Alabama* case. In this case, also, it ought to go before the arbitrators, for the purpose of ascertaining in the forum of reason whether the United States were justified in taking offence at it or not. "Historicus" says they were not, but this is begging the question. Most disputes between nations as well as men turn upon the question whether one party has or has not good grounds for feeling angry with the other. Does "Historicus" mean to maintain that this question must always either remain undecided, or be decided by war? Does he mean to maintain, too, that any question can be said to admit of no doubt on which two first-class powers are divided in opinion?

As to Mr. Seward's contradictions, however much they may tell against him personally, they do not tell at all against the nation. We have always been of opinion that if he had written only half as much as he has he would have been far more useful than he has been, though, doubtless, less happy. He was in 1861 at his wit's end trying to maintain two contradictory theories: one that there was no war at all, in order to prevent foreign powers from interfering, and the other, that there was a tremendous war, in order to justify the blockade and the general treatment of the insurgents as belligerents. To which theory he held most firmly will never be known in this world, and which he supported most vigorously we defy the most acute critic to say. He tried, in one and the same breath, to persuade the world that slavery had nothing to do with the struggle at all, and that it was "a slave insurrection," shifting from one to the other according to the opinions or sympathies of the persons he was addressing. That he would, therefore, sometime come to grief in this controversy has long been plain to every intelligent mind. The worst charge, however, against the United States that can be based on his variations, is that the American Secretary of State said one thing in 1861, and another thing, utterly irreconcilable with the first, in 1867. But then the same may be said of her Britannic Majesty's principal Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, and even of the august "Historicus" himself, with the difference, however, that the British Secretary and "Historicus" took less time to go right-about than Mr. Seward. In the meantime, the fact remains that the United States were offended by the recognition of the South as a belligerent in 1861, and considered

it hasty and unfriendly. What Mr. Seward said or says may be good as proof that the American people are unreasonable in being offended, but it does not prevent their being so, and therefore we say, call in an arbitrator, and let England send "Historicus" before him with Mr. Seward's despatches, the Supreme Court decisions, his Latin verses, and all. Surely it is not England that need fear the result. If we were in Mr. Seward's place—we make the wild supposition merely for the purpose of argument—we should, however, be practical, submit the *Alabama* case, let the belligerent rights stand over for future use, and close the controversy in one monster deliverance on the whole war and all its consequences, present and future.

#### DEMOCRATIC HOMES.

AN English tourist in America—Mr. Vaux, we believe it was—learned from a reliable American whom he met in Washington that, on account of our democratic institutions, President Monroe, when a young man, was obliged to wear his hair short on his forehead, as he would otherwise have lost his eyesight. The dregs of our populace, he meant, bitterly hate superiority of intellect and position, so they twist gentlemen's front hair round their right forefingers and gouge out the eyes with the thumb of the same hand. "And this," Mr. Vaux said to himself,—"this is what they call popular government and the best country on the face of the earth!" It was the same sagacious observer, if we have not forgotten, who noted with indignation this other effect of democracy—namely, that it generates in the souls of its victims an envious hatred of well-dressed persons. He advises British subjects travelling in the States to provide themselves with clothing of some coarse fabric; thus, he says, they will diminish the risk of insult, and even of violence, from impudent, ferocious levellers. And it is the influence of overweening democracy, we dare say, that the Rev. Mr. Newman Hall holds responsible for that speech which, innocently, unconscious of the joke, he reported the other day to his countrymen as so much American opinion of Englishmen. Having fallen into a ditch near West Point he was informed by the democrat who pulled him out that palisades at ditch-sides are not needed in our enlightened country, but that in England they are necessary, as the people there have no intellect! At any rate, whatever Mr. Hall thinks in his patronizing heart, it is notoriously democracies that not only gouge, as President Monroe so well knew, but, as is proved by a cloud of tourists—swift witnesses—democracies chew tobacco; they slavishly worship wealth; they break the windows of any wealthy man's house which is more convenient or pretentious than its neighbors; they are so irreligious that sects multiply in them, and there is no church which depends for support upon the state; they are ill-educated; they are ill-mannered; they annex territory; they boast of their freedom and hold in chains and slavery their fellow-beings; they rob their Southern fellow-citizens of property inherited from their fathers; in various and even ingeniously inconsistent ways; they make the citizen of truly free countries doubtful whether to regard them with more disgust and abhorrence or pity and shame.

These charges against democracy are, however, well known to everybody; they are admitted as true by a sufficient number of people. One that is new, so far as we know, is this—that domestic happiness is far more difficult of attainment, and far less often attained, in democracies than in aristocracies and monarchies. Perhaps we have stated the charge too generally. For whatever his words were, it was this particular democracy of which we are part that the speaker had in mind—a fact made evident by the fuller statement of his case and the arguments brought forward to support it. Perhaps his ideas are worthy of some consideration.

Domestic happiness, as he said, depends very largely upon likeness of character in the members of the family, and this likeness is very largely the result of similar education, similar pursuits, similar social position—in short, of having had similar experiences. Now, it happens in democratic America far more frequently than in England, say, or France or Germany, that the education and social position of sons is very different from that of their fathers, and that the two, exposed to widely different influences, before long become so much unlike each other that there ceases to be any strong bond of sympathy between them, and there may easily come to be something so much less than weak sympathy between them that the feeling of the one for the other may be slight distaste or even repugnance—repugnance struggled against in most cases, but still existing to be struggled against. The father of the professor, or the president, or the general, or the governor remains an uncultivated man while his son is growing. He and his wider-minded son are necessarily drawn apart, they soon live in different worlds, their tastes

and habits and ends in life are at least not in harmony, and may be in clashing opposition, and in either case the happiness of the family relation diminishes or wholly disappears. To this add that, even were the son and father to remain in sympathy, it much oftener happens here than elsewhere that vast distances intervene between the paternal roof and the place where the son goes to seek his fortune. Let it be confessed that possibly the governor may be as narrow-minded and illiterate as his father on the mortgaged farm in Maine; still, if at seventeen or eighteen years of age he severs the family tie and goes beyond the Rocky Mountains to be governor in Oregon or Arizona, a blow is struck almost as fatal to the home as if he had stayed in his native town and there had learned to travel round the "western isles which bards in fealty to Apollo hold," while all the road his father knew is that to Portland or Saco.

About to this purpose was the newest one of several anti-democratic arguments which we recently heard urged with seriousness. Furthermore, we were asked to compare the beautiful friendliness and necessary happiness of the relation between Lord Lytton and his mother with the relation existing between very many American parents and American children, these latter being as a general thing superior in cultivation to their fathers and mothers, unable to found a friendship for their parents upon like opinions and tastes—unable, then, to find happiness at home.

Supposing all this to be true, it may be doubted if one is wise to attribute all of it or much of it to democracy. The young American leaves home and goes West not because he and his father live under a popular government, but because, going out of the home circle, he can find a fortune in the wilderness. The American home of to-day, if it existed under monarchical institutions, would, by geographical necessity, be on the edge of a vast tract of land abounding in arable soil, rich in minerals, and in every inducement to immigration, and mostly unoccupied by man. And if the American youth goes to college, it is so far from being true that he goes against his father's and mother's wish, and that he becomes an unsympathetically different being from his father and mother, that in the vast majority of cases it is true that it is they who send him to the college, that they send him with all willingness, and that the college itself is such that he must be an exceptional being and sadly in want of a morbidly sentimental grievance if he does not find himself, at the end of the curriculum, quite comfortable at home—quite in the plane of sufficient appreciation by most of the men and women who have been reading the newspapers, and attending town meetings, and acting as overseers of the poor, and carrying on the indoors and outdoors work of farms and factories, and listening to preaching and lyceum lectures, and otherwise living the life of the American town and country, while he has been doing a little Latin, and less Greek, and not much algebra and plane trigonometry, and a few Lowell lectures on ethics and metaphysics, and a small trifle of chemistry. Horace enlarges the mind, but Horace plus a constantly attendant dictionary and a literal translation, does not enlarge the mind out of all recognition, even by the minds of deacons of churches or secretaries of sewing societies. And what is true of Horace with the usual collegiate accompaniments is at least equally true of Homer and Sophocles, who, as most graduates do not need to be informed, wrote in Greek—a language which is more difficult than Latin; and certainly it is as true of the natural sciences—natural *lucus a non*, the whole nature of most young collegians, appreciated or unappreciated, is apt to cry out loudly. In brief, our higher seminaries of learning not very high, will have to do more than they have been in the habit of doing before they take most or many of their students out of the range of parental sympathy, and so injure the happiness of home. We fancy that the equanimity of most parents is less disturbed by the great difficulty than by the perfect ease of fully comprehending their children after the end of the four years in college.

And the majority of presidents, and successful generals, and governors of States—these we should say are not creatures whom any extremely dazzling effulgence hedges from the sympathetic comprehension of ordinary flesh and blood, whether "their own flesh and blood" or other. The truth of the matter we take to be this—that our institutions, political or educational, do not make and do not demand people so different from the common run of people that our best educated and highest placed men may not be always, and, speaking largely, are not always, in sympathetic harmony with the rest of their kind—in harmony so full, at any rate, that no domestic misery is caused by its want of fulness. For proof of this, nine hundred and ninety-nine men in a thousand need go no further than to their own experience and observation. The necessities of a new country too big for its population, the instability of family fortunes in a land where the temptation to risk fortunes is so great that they are easily and frequently won and lost—these considerations furnish sufficient explanations of the fact, if this fact



exists, and we need not seek other causes. If some one objects that the instability of fortunes is just the thing which it is proper to insist upon as the cause of the condition complained of, and that this instability is the result of democracy, it is devolved upon such person to show that his more occult cause, and not our more patent one, is the real cause. And, to illustrate, he will find it necessary to show that the republican institutions of modern Switzerland or modern Vermont have made fortunes in those States more unstable than they have been in modern France, for example.

"If the fact exists," we said a moment ago. Is there really less domestic happiness in this country than in equally enlightened foreign countries under monarchical or aristocratic or middle-class government? It is hard to tell. The question is one of those for which there is no rough-and-ready reply, and for which even careful methods of investigation can hardly find anything like an acceptable answer. It eludes investigation. But if we look at domestic happiness as domestic happiness was considered by the disputant whom we have been quoting, as it is the result of likeness of cultivated intellect and moral sympathies, it may very well be doubted, even by Americans not too patriotic, if the sum of such happiness is not as great in this as in any other country. It may be that more rarely here than in some other countries the very highest sort of home is established—that much one might safely concede—but, on the other hand, it must be very much less seldom that families among us are collections of brutish beings, living in pens and sties, destitute of almost every fellow-feeling that deserves to be called distinctively human. In the total the balance must be in our favor, though we count the poor whites and almost equally poor negroes of the Southern States.

There are many points of this question that we have not touched upon—notably, there is the relation between the American and democratic man and wife—and every point in it is full of suggestion; but we have no space for further consideration of the subject. In whatever direction we have looked, whether cursorily or long, we have failed to find any very threatening obstacle in the way of the prevalence of this belief—which is perhaps in a hopeful way to become platitudinarian—that, however it may be with things pleasing and good, there is nothing which man can reasonably call good enough that ever suffers because of human freedom from class restrictions—from democracy, in other words.

### THE DAILY PRESS IN ITALY.

"WHAT stupid papers!" exclaims the foreigner, who, having conquered the difficulties of the Italian language, thinks to improve his general knowledge of the country by a perusal of some of the countless newspapers which strew the table in the middle room of Vieusseux's unrivalled establishment; and be the grumbler English or German, American or French, his discontent is justified, as the Italian daily press possesses neither English talent nor German science nor French *esprit* nor American pluck and racy judgments on the world in general. It is incontestably inferior to each and all. This daily, we may say hourly, publication of daily and hourly events is a modern invention in all countries; in Italy it may be said to have been introduced but yesterday—seven years since, in fact—and its deficiencies must be attributed to this rather than to want of talent and learning in the conductors of the press, for talent is abundant, erudition by no means rare, and rapid intuition often atones for the absence of experience. Eight years of comparative liberty coming after four hundred years of slavery, which left fourteen millions out of twenty-two totally illiterate, *analfabeta* (ignorant of the alphabet, as the phrase is), excluded from and utterly indifferent to public affairs—eight years are too short to have changed or even to have visibly modified the situation. The mere fact of learning to read and write does not necessarily produce a desire to read or a personal interest in the interests of the nation. Many thousands who have overcome the difficulties of the rudiments, who can read sufficiently for their own amusement, never dream of taking up a newspaper, but devote their leisure hours to reading the feeble translations in illustrated papers of Ponson du Terrail, of Féval and Kock. Hence the real spur to journalism, the abundance of readers, is wanting in Italy; it has not an innate reason of existence, much less of prosperity. The immense circulation of newspapers, which leads to the profitable system of advertisements, which constitute the chief wealth of papers in England and America, is out of the question in this country. True, the last page of every newspaper is almost exclusively covered with advertisements, but the entire page, ceded by the proprietor to some speculator, brings him in about as much as one advertisement in the *Times*—i. e., ten or even twenty francs per day if the newspaper is (relatively) popular. Hence, in the absence of a large circulation and of advertisements, the inherent defect of Italian newspapers is dependence. The number of political

newspapers in Italy is considerable, not less than three hundred, but not one is self-supporting. Each and all are kept alive by the Government, by a party, or by a sect. Hence Italian journalism may be thus classified: Governmental papers, moderate sectarian papers, democratic sectarian papers, and as every party or fraction of a party has an individual at its head, every paper ends by becoming the organ of an individual. Another cause of the small prosperity of journalism is the absence of one common centre. Palermo, Naples, Florence, Bologna, Ancona, Venice, Verona, Milan, Turin, Genoa, etc., are so many social and historical centres, each with its own newspapers, and a reading population too small to support them. The newspapers of the capital exercise a certain influence, not directly on the mass of readers, but on the local press. Italy has no capital such as London, Berlin, or Paris, no metropolis such as New York. The Sicilians read the Palermitan papers, the Piedmontese those of Turin, etc., etc. The papers published in the capital are, on the whole, the best. They are, at any rate, fair specimens of the Italian daily press. The *Nazione*, *Opinione*, *Gazzetta di Firenze*, *Riforma*, *Opinione Nazionale*, *Gazzetta d'Italia*, *L'Italie*, and *Diritto* are the most important.

The *Nazione* belongs to the Tuscan *consorteria*, or clique, was founded by Ricasoli when he was ruler of Tuscany in 1859, and is the faithful echo of his views, his sympathies and antipathies, his hopes and aspirations. It is essentially conservative, affects respectability, but does not always maintain the forms thereof; is often violent, does not always adhere to facts, and is sectarian to the last degree. When Ricasoli, whose every act is a monument of civil wisdom, is not in power, the *Nazione* defends all the conservative cabinets: with Minghetti, it is not adverse to regional decentralization; with Lamarmora, it admits the right of armed force; with Menabrea, renounces Rome, and accepts, with eyes shut, commands from Paris. Its mortal enemy is Ratazzi. The paper is not, on the whole, badly written; the literary appendices are fair; home questions are treated by able hands, but no foreign question is considered of sufficient importance to be expounded. In American questions the *Nazione* was entirely with the South, and now has strong leanings towards President Johnson.

The *Gazzetta d'Italia* is an adjunct to the *Nazione*, but calls things plainly by their names, delights in personalities, revels in scandal, and has no objection to a spice of calumny. In this paper all the lower passions of the *consorteria* find vent.

The *Opinione*, born in Turin in 1848, and transported to Florence in 1865, is the organ of Minghetti, the head of the Emilian *consorteria*. For a long time it was conducted by Bianchi Giovini, one of the ablest writers in Piedmont—a violent adversary of the Catholics, on the one hand, and of the Democrats on the other; a brilliant hand at polemics. It next passed into the hands of Giacomo Dina, a Jew and a deputy; and the paper, if it lost in erudition and in skirmishing ability, gained in calm and in political outlook. As for its morality, at the time of the *coup d'état* it invented the theory of "useful crimes and useless crimes;" and in 1864 it forged a letter purporting to be in Mazzini's handwriting. Despairing of seeing its chief return to power for a long time, if ever, it discusses with tolerable impartiality, though generally with a touch of irony, the questions of the day as treated by the rivals of its chief. The various arguments are disposed of with simplicity, clearness, and brevity. It is a well-written paper. It backs up most cabinets, even Ratazzi's, as long as they seem likely to stand, nor would it combat a ministry formed from the left ranks if it presented itself strong, and with a serious programme. Hoping for nothing, believing in nothing, the *fait accompli* governs the *Opinione*. Until the middle of October it urged Ratazzi to march to Rome before the French arrived. To-day it crouches to France, and recommends prudence, submission, silence.

The *Opinione Nazionale* lives on the inspirations of the Ratazzian *consorteria*, proclaims Ratazzi to be the ideal of a statesman. Its style is inflated, but naïf. It religiously follows its chief's evolutions. Up to the 8th October it opposed the Roman movement and approved Garibaldi's arrest, then approved the revolution, sided with the opposition, and now attacks violently all the *consorteria*, especially the Tuscan.

The *Gazzetta di Firenze* completed, on the 1st January, 1868, its hundredth year. It has been the passive organ of all despotisms, of the Lorraines, of the Etrurian kings, of the Napoleonides, and of the Lorraines again. In 1859 it began to read in the constitutional spelling-book, ventured in the footsteps of the Tuscan *consorteria*, and ended by becoming Ratazzian. In one hundred years it has only been once sequestered, and that was in 1865, when it reproduced the anti-papal deliberations of a Florentine meeting!

The *Riforma* was founded last June by the democratic *consorteria* of the "left," headed by Crispi. Its first number contained a most radical programme, signed by five deputies—Crispi, Bertani, De Boni, Calroli, and Caf-

cassi. The last four took the programme seriously, and prepared to carry it out to its uttermost consequences. But Crispi had quite other ideas in his head. By the assistance of these men and their adherents he counted on ensuring to himself the position of head of the left, which he had been hitherto in name only, and to render himself necessary to Ratazzi, and share the government with him. Step by step the paper became openly Ratazzian, but took care to show that Ratazzi had adopted the principles of the *Riforma*, and not the *Riforma* those of Ratazzi, and assumed a semi-liberal, semi-opposition attitude which gave rise to serious discussions between the signers of the original programme. Carcassi withdrew; Bertani wrote in the *Riforma* against the *Riforma*, but remained; Cairoli and De Boni grieved, grumbled, but took no openly active steps; Crispi remained chief of the *Riforma*, which, from the discussion of principles, has descended to the narrow limits of sophistical polemics; from the study of the varied manifestations of national life to daily panegyrics of Crispi himself. Notwithstanding all this, the *Riforma* is the most liberal and widely circulated newspaper in Florence.

The *Diritto* differs little from the *Riforma*; indeed, had the latter kept true to its original programme, the former would have been driven out of the field. It was founded by Lorenzo Valerio, a distinguished old Piedmontese patriot, and was the organ of sub-alpine democracy. On the transfer of capital the *Diritto* was the most advanced newspaper. The appearance of the *Riforma* threw it into the background, and nearly all the subscribers went over to the rival. The hesitations and contradictions of Crispi's organ, however, gave it breathing time, and after the failure of the Roman campaign some of the frontier members from right and left of the House united to appall Ratazzi, adopted the *Diritto*, and concerted a programme, if not more advanced, at least more independent, than that of the *Riforma*. Conenti, from the right; De Pretis, minister of several moderate cabinets, but who sits on the left; Bixio, the amphibious deputy; Mordini, moderate liberal; Bargoni, *idem*, and some forty subalterns, compose this "new third party." At present the *Diritto* protests alike against Crispi and Ratazzi, hence against the *Riforma* and the *Opinione Nazionale*, and is equally opposed to the servility to the foreigners of the moderate press; it demands the reconstruction of the internal life of the nation, the initiative of the state, the authority of the Government, and at the head of that Government new men, *i.e.*, its own inspirers, who, by the way, are not new men but have only entered into a new combination. The actual theory of the *Diritto* differs little from that of the *Riforma*; both seek to disarm Garibaldi and to get into power with his programme. The first act of the leaders of the *Diritto* after Mentana was to defeat Ratazzi, the candidate of the left for the office of Speaker, and to give the victory to Lanza, the candidate of the Government.

*L'Italie*, the paper edited in French by the ex-French republican Pascal Duprat, is the organ of whatever party happens to be in power, yet it manages to keep well with the French Government, Napoleonism being the aim and object of its propaganda.

Almost all these papers are singularly monotonous, poor in correspondence, devoid of the knowledge necessary to the handling of foreign topics of interest; the aim and end of their being is to throw light upon one side of all questions, *i.e.*, the side which reflects the imaginary interests of their respective *consorterie*.

At Milan the *Perseveranza* is the mouthpiece of the Lombard *consorterie*, the ally of the Tuscan. It is a well written paper, on the whole; has plenty of correspondence, and treats foreign subjects with copious erudition, but is arrogant, intolerant, venomous, and scornful—reflects, in short, the characteristics of the Milanese aristocracy, so ably described by Giuseppe Parini in his "Mattino," that *chef d'œuvre* of satire.

The *Gazzetta di Milano*, once the *Gazzetta Ufficiale* of Austria, then the panegyrist of Napoleon III., has now become the organ of the Milanese middle classes, has passed over into the opposition field and wages war to the knife on the *Perseveranza*. Carlo Cattaneo contributes regularly to its columns.

*L'Unità Italiana* is the organ of the republican school, at whose head stands Mazzini. It spoils and deteriorates the theories of its master by its sectarianism, its personal dislikes, its theological ire. It does not represent a republican political idea developed in all possible phases according to the tendencies of the epoch and the latest results of political studies, drawing strength from the errors, the crimes, the incompatibility of monarchy; on the contrary, it proceeds by dint of elimination, and ends by denying the idea itself. Like all the other sectarian papers, it consumes half its columns in hymning the praises of its chiefs. Its editors are worthy of all praise for their abnegation and constancy to their ideas of right; but the *Unità Italiana*, as it exists at present, will never become the organ of

the republicans in Italy, whose ideas of a republic and the means of attaining thereunto are "quite other."

The Venetian papers—*L'Arena* and *L'Adige* of Verona, the *Rinnovamento* and the *Tempo* of Venice, and countless other minors—are but feeble reflections of the *Nazione*, *Opinione*, and of the *Perseveranza*, poor in form and material. New to public life, they have not yet learned the A B C of liberty; for them it means the liberty of who governs.

The *Pungolo* of Milan, with its brother in Naples, is one of the richest papers in Italy. It is clever, unscrupulous, and boasts of giving the earliest news. It is intensely sensational, and, when times are dull, invents "incidents," for the purpose of keeping the public lively.

At Turin, the *Gazzetta del Popolo*, a journal that is some twenty years of age, the younger *Gazzetta di Torino* and *Count Cavour*, were once the organs of the moderate parliamentary majority, when Turin was the capital of Italy, but in 1864 all these passed over to the opposition. In Piedmont people know how to read, and do read, and the democratic propaganda of these "converted" journals exercises quiet, gradual, but immense influence. The Piedmontese press is the most dangerous opponent of the Lombard and Tuscan *consorterie*. The great merit of the *Gazzetta del Popolo* consists in its hostility, from 1848 to the present hour, to clericalism. The circulation is about 15,000, and the Piedmontese, the least prejudiced population of the peninsula, owe not a little to the *Gazzetta*. These three papers are now the mouthpieces of the "Liberal Permanent Piedmontese Association."

The organs of the clerical party are the *Unità Cattolica*, *Armonia*, and other minor papers. The former, edited by a band of literary priests, learned, witty, unscrupulous, experienced, and logical—at the head of whom shines Don Margotto—is perhaps the best paper in Italy. In order to be a Romanist in Italy, to maintain the temporal and spiritual power of the Pope, one must also be anti-unitarian, anti-national, champion of Austria and of brigandage. The *Unità Cattolica* is all this openly and unreservedly. It defies the national sentiment, defies right, defies history. Its task is difficult, but it has wonderful tact; it is a monument of ability, of sophistry, and of erudition. If facts are wanting, it substitutes argument; if truth refuses its aid, authoritative quotations are at hand. If it cannot wound, it parries its adversary's thrust; but if there be a weak point in the armor of its foe it inflicts a deadly wound. When proved in the wrong, it quotes the deeds or words of twenty years ago, and against our modern weather-cocks generally gets the best of it. The moderate press is put to the torture by constant quotations from past professions of faith in open contradiction to the present. One of its habits all Italian papers would do well to imitate; the *Unità Cattolica* publishes the writings, speeches, sayings of its opponents, be they Mazzini or the King, Menabrea or Ratazzi, Ricasoli or Crispi; the other papers ignore all that does not proceed from their own liege lords or comment and criticise without enabling their readers to judge of the original. *Du reste*, the *Unità*, humble or haughty according to the smiles of fortune, is ever cutting, cruel, relentless. The rack and wheel are its beautiful ideal of government.

## PARIS GOSSIP.

PARIS, January 25, 1868.

THE second of the four state balls given every year at the Tuilleries has just taken place with the usual splendor, the Emperor looking on with his peculiar quiet look of latent humor as the waltzers and polkers whisk past him, the gauzy skirts of the ladies not unfrequently brushing his "august" person as he stands at the foot of the raised platform of the throne or moves about with his peculiar slow, cautious, noiseless step on the edge of the crowd, addressing a pleasant word to the persons known to him; the Empress, always with something novel and characteristic in the elegance of her toilette, eclipsing all the other women by the splendor of her jewels, older and thinner than she was—the arms especially beginning to show the approach of middle age—keeping her seat all the evening in her gilded arm-chair under the canopy of crimson and gold, talking with great animation to all the starred and embrodered gentlemen who come to make their low bows to her at the foot of the throne, and taking very exact mental notes, say the people of the court, of every incident of the evening, however trifling. According to the established etiquette, the Emperor, at half-past eleven, approaches the foot of the platform, and the Empress rises from her chair and descends the steps. On reaching the floor she makes a courtesy to her spouse, who makes her a bow, and gives her his arm, while the chamberlains, in their splendid coats of crimson silk, covered with gold embroidery, wave back the crowd on either hand, opening a narrow lane for the passage of the Imperial pair, who, followed by the diplomatic body, the ladies and gentlemen of the court, and the guests honored with a special



invitation to that effect, begin their progress through the long suite of splendid ball-rooms, which, dazzlingly lighted by scores of enormous glass lustres, and filled with gay dresses and brilliant uniforms, present a very imposing spectacle. The orchestra ceases to play when their majesties begin their walk, and the dancing instantly ceases, as everybody is anxious to get a glimpse of the "august couple" as they pass on towards the supper-room, bowing and smiling, and pretending not to see the frantic demonstrations that are going on a few feet ahead of them, nor to be aware of the instantaneous closing in of the crowd upon the dignitaries behind them as they move forward. When the Imperial *cortège* has entered the supper-room the doors of that apartment are shut against the rest of the company, the orchestra is heard again, and dancing is resumed with more spirit than ever, while a dense crowd gathers at the entrance of the supper-room, ready to make good its entrance on the reopening of the doors. Meantime, the Imperial party having done justice to the refreshments provided, leave the supper-room by another way. The tables are respread exactly as before, the doors are thrown open, and a violent scramble takes place to get in. When the room is filled, the doors are again shut, and a second crowd forms behind them, ready to make good its entrance as soon as they are once more opened. The tables are thus replenished and emptied three or four times in succession until all the assembled thousands have contrived to sup more or less copiously. The Emperor and Empress never return to the ball-rooms after supper, but go directly to rest, leaving their guests to dance as long as they please, the crowd seldom departing until between two and three in the morning.

M. de Sainte-Beuve, whose *Causeries du Lundi*, continued through so many years in the *Débats*, have given him so prominent a place in the literary world of Paris, seems to be on the high road to convalescence, thanks, apparently, to the skill of the homœopathic physician he sent for when he found himself "given over" by the practitioners of the orthodox school. He has just sent to all the leading literary men of Paris—his friends or foes, and he has not a few of the latter—a copy of the new edition, recently issued, of his "History of Port-Royal"—a work which, in spite of its solid research and its admirable portraits of Pascal, the two Arnaulds, Mère Angélique, and other leading notabilities of the best days of Jansenism, has never been very popular in France, being rather the work of a moralist skilled in the analysis of the human heart than that of a historian. M. Michelet, who has many of the merits and defects of M. de Sainte-Beuve, is a warm admirer of this book; but the verdict of the public has always pronounced it to be "heavy." M. de Sainte-Beuve is exceedingly sensitive to the opinion of others, and is perpetually dropping friends and acquaintances, who often have no idea how they can have offended him, simply because they may have criticised or failed to praise his productions. To such a point does he carry this sensitiveness that, finding himself included in a group of caricatures, sketched by Lehman in an album belonging to Daniel Stern, and including all the *habitués* of her *salon*, where M. de Sainte-Beuve was formerly an assiduous visitor, he never again set foot in that lady's house! On the other hand, his self-love leads him constantly to make advances to his declared opponents, in the belief that he cannot fail to win them over to the admiration with which he himself regards the children of his pen. Thus, in the copy of his "History of Port-Royal," which he has just sent to the learned young historian, Frederic Morin, he has written the imploring words "*De judice averso ad judicem attentum*" in the fly-leaf. This craving for admiration, which weakness he shares with the brilliant republican deputy, M. Jules Simon, whom his friends accuse of making advances to any political opponents from whom he can hope to extract anything in the shape of praise, has procured for M. de Sainte-Beuve the *sobriquet* of "the coquette." Having been violently attacked and insulted by his colleagues of the Senate during the angry debates which took place in that assembly in relation to M. Renan, and overwhelmed with insulting letters by the clerical party, M. de Sainte-Beuve, when he was supposed, a week or two ago, to be at the point of death, added a codicil to his will, providing that his body should be carried to the grave without being taken to any church, or having any religious ceremony performed over it—a defiance of Catholic prejudices which has created no little surprise here, where his nervous horror of noise and scandal is well known, and which has excited a violent uproar among the priests and their adherents.

Notwithstanding the evidence of a repressive tendency on the part of the new Minister of Justice, M. Pinard, a great number of new journals, most of a socialistic tendency, are about to be founded. One of these, under the management of M. Arlés Dufour, so widely known for his influential position at the head of the industry of Lyons, his immense fortune, his princely beneficence, his honorable political antecedents, and the great services rendered by him as Secretary-General to the International Exhibi-

tion of 1855, is to urge upon public attention the programme of social reform resulting from the ideas of the St. Simonian school, of which the great silk-weaver has always been an ardent partisan. The Fourierist school, which succeeded in reconstituting itself a couple of years ago, is already publishing a weekly paper, entitled *La Science Sociale*, and has just inaugurated a weekly banquet, to serve as a gathering point for all who share the large hopes of universal peace, plenty, and brotherhood that fired the soul of its founder. Another socialist paper, *La Solidarité*, is also devoted to the advocacy of economic reform, from a point of view which seems to class it rather as the continuation of the principles of the late Pierre Leroux. Another democratic journal, with no special social programme, is to devote its columns to the advocacy of abstention from the electoral polls—a system which has usually been found to be far more injurious to the party adopting it than to the government against which it is intended to serve as a protest. There is room for much difference of opinion as to the wisdom of the repressive policy by which the Second Empire seeks to obviate the constitutional and traditional tendency of the French mind to make political disquisition the immediate prelude to revolution; there can be none as to the fact that it systematically accords the largest liberty to all attempts to bring before the public any programme, theoretic or practical, aiming at social and economic reform.

The sale of the picture gallery of Khalil Bey has created such an excitement among the artists and *dilettanti* of this part of the world that the *queue* of visitors, on the days of exhibition preceding the sale, extended from the doors of the Hôtel des Ventes nearly to the Boulevard. Among the treasures sent to the hammer by the action of the same princely caprice that had gathered them together were two "Inn" scenes, by Teniers; "Windmill," by Ruysdael; a "Boar-hunt," by Horace Vernet (the dogs renowned for their beauty and spirit); two exquisite heads of children, by Greuze; a "Hunt," by Wouvermans; a charming "Girl" (miniature), by Gerard Douw; Eugène Delacroix's great picture, "The Murder of the Bishop of Liège;" "The Boar of Ardennes" (the famous scene of "Quentin Durward"), and "Tasso in the Madhouse," by Robert de la Mark; Decamp's "Duck-hunter," with its magical effects of light and shadow; three fine studies of the nude, by Ingres; five noble landscapes, by Rousseau, whose recent decease necessarily adds to the value of his works, and another by Jules Duprè, who may now be considered as the first living landscape-painter of France; Meissonnier's "Guitar-player" and "Amateur de Peinture;" the "Message," by De Leys, so greatly admired last year at the Champ de Mars; and various fine specimens of the *faire* of Courbet, Troyon, Diaz, and Fromentin.

The work which fetched the highest price is Delacroix's masterpiece, "The Murder of the Bishop of Liège," first sold to the last Duke of Orleans for 1,500*fr.*, purchased by M. Villot (one of the conservators of the Louvre), at the sale of the property of the late duchess, for 4,500*fr.*, sold by him last year to Khalil Bey for 37,000*fr.*, and adjudged the day before yesterday for 46,000*fr.* It is not uninteresting to see how, in regard to injustice in the field of art as elsewhere, "the whirligig of time brings about its revenges." Original and kindly, but somewhat eccentric, modest, shy, and in bad health, Delacroix was looked down upon by his brother artists and ignored by the public. For years his paintings were constantly refused admission by the juries of fine-arts exhibitions, and it was only by the persistent support of the younger artists that he was at length admitted to the Institute. There he was more than once the butt of the brutality of Ingres, then in the height of his popularity, who one day, in the violence of his anger during a debate in which Delacroix had ventured to express an opinion at variance with his own, sprang from his seat and rushing forward towards the object of his scornful fury exclaimed, "Monsieur Delacroix, you have no conscience in your drawing, your work is that of a dishonest man." The vastly overrated talent of Ingres is now being judged more correctly, as was evidenced at the sale in question, where one of his noted paintings was knocked down at 10,000*fr.* less than the price at which it was bought, while all the works of Delacroix, now recognized as one of the glories of the French school, were sold at an immense advance on their original price. The remembrance of the long neglect and slow recognition of the lamented artist was doubtless present in the memory of many of those who attended the sale. When his now famous work, "Tasso in the Madhouse," sold originally to the elder Dumas for 800*fr.*, was knocked down at 16,000*fr.*, a buzz of satisfaction went through the crowded hall, but when the still greater work before alluded to and now regarded as his *chef d'œuvre* had been carried up to the high sum at which it was finally knocked down, a burst of applause, long and enthusiastic, proclaimed the delight with which this homage to his genius was regarded by his friends.

Delacroix sold his paintings for very small sums. He had faith in him-

self; but he lacked the power of imparting that faith to the crowd. His physical weakness incapacitated him for grappling with the ill-will of rivals, or asserting his own claims against the indifference of the public. Every sort of accident seems to have conspired in his childhood to cut short his days. He was drowned, burned, stifled, poisoned, and run over, and, though he escaped being killed by these misfortunes, his health was shaken by them for the rest of his days. He suffered constantly from dangerous attacks of sore throat, and was kept alive only by the incessant devotion of an old servant to whom he was greatly attached, and to whom he left a handsome legacy. Having made up his mind, on account of his health, that he must never marry, he led an exceedingly quiet, simple, and regular life, dividing his time and strength between the brush and the pen. Fortunately for him, he had inherited a small competence, which enabled him to live in the modest way which he had marked out for himself, receiving only a very few intimate friends, painting, or setting forth in a series of original and highly interesting papers, most of which were published in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, his theory of colors and his observations in regard to art.

## Notes.

### LITERARY.

CERTAIN Germans of Iowa have just done a thing which is unexampled, we believe, in our political history. They have ordered of the publishers, Messrs. Leypoldt & Holt, two hundred copies of Mr. Charles Astor Bristed's "Interference Theory of Government," and intend to distribute them gratuitously among the members of the Iowa Legislature. Doubtless there are not many members of Iowa or other legislatures whom a careful perusal of the work in question would not benefit greatly, and the action of our German fellow-citizens seems worthy of imitation as well as commendation. "The Interference Theory of Government" and Mill's essay "On Liberty" might profitably be scattered broadcast amongst our law-makers. Legislative Lycurguses we have in plenty, and even Dracos are not few in our Assemblies, but of Solons there is always a scarcity.

—The *Athenæum*, edited by Mr. W. Hepworth Dixon, is an English literary weekly paper not so well known among us as the *Saturday Review* or the *Spectator*, and not deserving to be so well known as either of those able journals or the very learned *Chronicle*. It is proper to describe the *Athenæum* as a paper of much value as a repertory of literary news and a third-rate paper as regards critical ability. Recently, as has been stated by several American journals, daily and weekly, the *Athenæum* brought a very heavy charge against a highly respected Congregational clergyman, the Rev. Dr. March, of Philadelphia, who is the author of a little book entitled "Walks and Homes of Jesus." The "Walks and Homes of Jesus," if one takes the judgment of the *Athenæum* as intelligent and honest, is nearly all "lifted out of Mr. Dixon's pages." Most of our readers know Mr. Dixon as the writer of "New America," a work of which it is true to say that almost any book-maker might very well be glad to have made it, for it sold well, and was well put together, but which most writers above the class of clever book-makers would perhaps not think extremely creditable to the author. Mr. Dixon is also the writer of another new book and of another old one, neither of which is different, as regards the point of which we have just spoken, from "New America." "Spiritual Wives" is the new work and "The Holy Land" is the old one. The *Athenæum* pretended to show, by printing in parallel columns an extract from the editor's book and an extract from Dr. March's, that the "Walks and Homes of Jesus" was made up bodily of pilferings from the "Holy Land." The attempt was really so entirely a failure—would have been so obviously a failure if a real offender, a Scotch plagiarist, had not been shrewdly put forward first and unmistakably proved guilty—and the attack seemed so wanton and insolent, that, after reading the criticism, we began to make preparations for showing, by a careful comparison of the English book and the American, that gross injustice had been done the author of the latter—injustice no less cruel to the man on whom it was inflicted than injurious to the character of the journal inflicting it. We have been spared the labor, however, for Dr. March, in a letter to the *Round Table*—which journal had spoken of him as "pilloried by the *Athenæum* for a flagrant act of plagiarism"—justifies the high opinion in which he is held by all who know him by showing conclusively the careless untruthfulness of the *Athenæum*. The "Walks and Homes of Jesus" (English edition) contains two hundred and twenty-four pages. Of

these pages Dr. March offers to prove that eighty-two were written and published from the pulpit ten years before Mr. Dixon's "Holy Land" appeared. This proof depends on the veracity of "many living witnesses" and on "double record made at the time." What the last phrase means we do not precisely know. One hundred and forty-eight of the two hundred and twenty-four pages were written and made public not ten years before Mr. Dixon went to Palestine, but yet before his work was published. Of the seventy-six remaining pages there are fourteen—and Dr. March defies Mr. Dixon to point out what fourteen—in the preparation of which reference was had to the "Holy Land." Finally, the *Athenæum*'s critic made a blunder in talking about the book as a book of travels. That it made no pretensions of being. It was offered to the public just as tracts are offered, and with the same intent with which tracts are offered, by the Presbyterian Publication Society. It indeed "expressly disclaims all original investigation," and is simply a book of sermons or religious lectures, delivered by a minister to his congregation, and put forth in book form by the society above-mentioned, without expectation that the author would get money or honor by it. The American journals which helped to hurt an honorable man's reputation—in the *Times* we saw reference made to the matter, and a singular paper called the *Church Union* had something to say about it—ought to copy Dr. March's letter to the *Round Table*.

—Some weeks ago we spoke of a national German political organization called the Independent Progressive Party, one of whose aims is to abolish the present executive and substitute for it one appointed by Congress. No doubt many of its members belong also to the "Society for the Spread of Radical Principles," whose headquarters are at Indianapolis, lock-box 93. These principles are not political solely, as may be seen on examining some of the society's publications. No. 1 is entitled "Die Reconstruction und die Neger," by Ludwig Greiner, and is dated the last of June, 1865. Its views were those commonly held by the Radical Republicans of that time, all of which were perhaps sound and wise at a particular stage of the reconstruction process, but not all have remained so. No. 2 is by the same author: "Die Union und der President," end of August, 1866. The remainder, so far as we are informed, consist of various works by Mr. Karl Heinzen, editor of the Boston *Pionier*, a thoroughly brave, outspoken, and honest man. He would not be accepted by all his countrymen, especially by the religious portion of them, as their teacher and leader, but his ability is readily acknowledged, and his audience is intellectually a select one. The society publishes of his: "Teutscher Radikalismus in America," a bound volume of selections from his writings on a variety of topics; "Die Wahrheit," which is based on the theorem that "all is vain save Truth and her exponent Radicalism." Radicalism is further defined as seeking the truth on every hand, for the truth's sake, and demanding supremacy for it; also, as shrinking from none of the consequences of truth, and for love of it silencing all other considerations. From this pamphlet we extract the remark that "Bishop Berkeley was just the philosopher for the Hottentots, whose language has no expression for 'I am.'" "Sechs Briefe an einen frommen Mann," "Six Letters to a pious Man, with a preface to a Jesuit and a postscript to a Humbug,"—third and enlarged edition—is an argument for atheism and materialism, the Jesuit being complimented for his logic in warring against reason, and the "humbugger," for his belief in creation—or "the art of making something out of nothing, which is humbug"—being satirically accorded the royal title "by the grace of God." The pamphlet which will most commend itself to Americans is "Die Teutscher und die Amerikaner," written in view of an increased German emigration to this country, and discussing pleasantly and in a judicial manner the characteristics of the two peoples and their duties toward each other. Mr. Heinzen rejects the advice so frequently given to the Germans to "Americanize" themselves, and bids them—instead of taking Mr. Banks for a model, or eating pork and beans and Boston brown bread—be Germans still, but without Teutonism. He would have Americans neglect the classics in favor of German, which should be understood by every cultivated person. Finally, he declares: "Not 'Americans' must rule America, but intelligence, humane culture, and principles of freedom." Mr. Heinzen devotes a separate chapter to German as compared with American women, and finds the former more restricted, less widely active, less independent than the latter. The companions of their husbands at all places of amusement, they never appear at political gatherings. He believes that they have much to learn from our women, and he anticipates the complete enfranchisement of both—a hope which we judge is not shared by many German men. The latest manifesto of the society is a petition which appeared in the *Pionier* of Dec. 25, 1867, occupying two pages. It is a good illustration of the parallel drawn by Mr. Greiner, in his second tract,



between the Americans and Germans, who respectively trust and mistrust, hope and dread, expect and doubt. We say this rather of the tone of the petition than of its object, which is to get from Congress a constitutional amendment abolishing the Presidency, and establishing an executive after the Swiss committee or cabinet pattern, this executive in turn to be watched by a Congressional committee during vacations. The arguments for this reform are mostly familiar; the *à priori* being that our co-ordinated government is an unstable compromise between an absolute monarchy and an absolute democracy. One of the strongest points made is that, no matter how good your President, the office is a perpetual source of party strife, individual ambition, and general corruption. Much of this, however, could be removed by a rigid civil-service bill such as Mr. Jenckes has in keeping. The petition reminds us of the parallel just cited when it says: "That is surely the best government which makes most unnecessary any trust in the possessors of the public authority, while it renders misuse of that power most difficult."

—Keith Johnston's "Royal Atlas of Modern Geography," published by Blackwood of Edinburgh, may not be in all respects the best existing atlas, but it is the most beautiful and the pleasantest to use that we have ever seen, and it answers nearly all possible purposes—of course we mean for the Old World; our indefinitely great country here requires an atlas of its own, and we have several to choose from. But concerning the "Royal Atlas"—the price of it is five guineas and it is very bulky. Next comes a smaller book published by the same house, called the "Handy Royal Atlas," at three guineas. Scribner, Welford & Co. import this. It seems to be the best atlas for family use and for college students that has been published in the English tongue; this, with even a common-school atlas for Yankee land, will take one to nearly every place he may want to find. At the same time with these books should be named "The Globe Atlas of Europe," a convenient hand-book or overcoat-pocket-book. It contains forty-eight maps on the same scale, and a general map of Europe on a small scale, upon which as a diagram are laid down the outlines of the different detailed maps. It is not complete enough for use in the library or class-room, but an excellent traveller's companion. It is a volume of Macmillan's Globe series, and is imported by Scribner, Welford & Co.

—The *Art Journal*, a monthly published in London and New York by Virtue, Yorston & Co., is giving a continuous illustrated catalogue of the great French Universal Exposition. The *Art Journal* has a large broad page; the printed form is just as high as that of the *Nation*, and about half an inch narrower, and is divided into three columns; each number formerly contained three full-page engravings on steel, which could be pretty large, and thirty-two pages of letterpress thickly strewn with wood-cuts. Since the Paris Exhibition opened, one engraving and twelve pages have been suppressed, and sixteen pages given of the illustrated catalogue, which work is paged for binding separately. This catalogue is certainly thickly set with pictures. Of the sixteen pages which came with the January *Art Journal*, five pages have one wood-cut each—these quite large—four pages have two cuts each, one has three cuts, two have four, one has five, two have six, and one has eight, or fifty "figs" to the sixteen pages. Of course, as they illustrate the efforts to outdo each other of modern cabinet-makers and silversmiths, these pictures are commonly of subjects poor enough. As a bit of history—and by way of suggestion and spur to our own yet more tasteless and very unenterprising people—this catalogue will have a sort of value, but artistically it will be nearly worthless. The *Art Journal* itself is not a critical journal in any sense of the word. The editorial tone is rather the reverse of really critical, rather suggestive of "genial" and "favorable" notices of works of art, old and new, and books upon art sent to the editor. But there are exceptions, as sometimes in the notices of exhibitions of pictures in London, although the strictures are generally upon unpopular works, and have the air of echoing rather than regarding the general voice. When the contrary is the case, the bit of genuine criticism is so lonely and out of tone with the rest that it seems false. Thus in the January number the notice of French pictures has very good things in it, but the severe, yet mainly just, unfavorable criticisms upon Jalabert and Gérôme seem like wantonly exaggerated attacks when contrasted with the general tone of the *Art Journal* for ten years past. Mention of a few of the articles in the January number will partly set forth at once the value and the shortcomings of the *Art Journal*. We have a wood engraving of the extraordinary design by Miss Hosmer for a freedman's monument to Abraham Lincoln, which we reviewed last March (Vol. IV., p. 238). One is satisfied to have a picture of that very feeble and pretentious design that he may lecture upon it, and try to prevent the carrying out of anything so bad; but the half-page of warm praise of it is less delightful. Then among the

book notices Mr. Hamerton's very able and interesting "Contemporary French Painters" is rather slightly reviewed in a column notice, which leaves the impression that the critic thought but little of it. And below we find the beautiful "Story without an End"—reviewed in the *Nation* for December 19—decidedly pooh-poohed, while the "Æsop's Fables," noticed by us on December 12, illustrated with really unrefined, ungraceful designs, poorly lithographed, is noticed in this way: "England has this year supplied us with no book so entirely good as this which we receive from America. . . . Lithographs so excellent as to rival wood or even line engravings. . . . There is no one of these engravings that does not exhibit *genius of the highest order!*" Mr. Ruskin has sometimes written for the *Art Journal*; still more recently Mr. Hamerton has written for it. Other writers of ability do so now and then, generally over their own signatures. If you miss a number, it will be sure to have in it something you ought to have seen. But the off numbers are mainly valuable for their numerous illustrations, some of which are very good indeed.

—The leader of the French liberal Christians, Athanase Laurent Charles Coquerel, has recently died in Paris. He was an old man, having been born in August, 1795. At twenty-three years of age he was a graduate of the theological school of Montauban, and when thirty-five years old, after twelve years of preaching in Holland, he became pastor of a Protestant church in Paris. In 1848 he was elected a member of the National Assembly. He was always liberal in his political as in his religious faith; he supported the administration of Cavaignac and of Louis Napoleon before the *coup d'état*; after that event he withdrew himself wholly from public life; during our war he was a warm friend of the North. His liberality as regards religious creeds was so great as to offend very many people—not Catholics only, but Protestants. Guizot looked on him much as we may imagine Doctor Wayland looking on a very liberal Unitarian preacher. He demanded for himself perfect freedom of belief. It is told of him that a gentleman who had long attended his church called on him, with candor confessed his doubts as to Coquerel's belief in the divinity of Jesus—doubts founded on Coquerel's constant avoidance of allusions to Christ as the Saviour—and asked his pastor to certify him as to his belief; but Coquerel refused to give him satisfaction, and denied his right to make enquiry. It is told, now that he is dead, that many people—Protestant as well as Catholics—are not a little scandalized to learn that for upwards of fifty years he kept in his library a bust of Jean Jacques Rousseau. His works as an author have been thrown into eclipse by his fame as a pulpit orator. Yet he was not so mere an orator that little of value is to be found in his books; he loses less in such a comparison—perhaps, other things being equal, the Protestant preacher always loses less—than his Catholic rival Lacordaire; his sermons, of which some have been translated into German and English, are not without depth, force, and fineness of thought. He died at the age of seventy-three, and was followed to his grave in the cemetery of Montmartre by a concourse of more than two thousand persons. Through the corner of this cemetery, by the way, Haussmann, the Prefect of the Seine—to whom, as to Made-moiselle Thérèse's sapeur, nothing is sacred—is about to run one of his new boulevards.

#### MR. JENNINGS ON REPUBLICAN GOVERNMENT IN THE UNITED STATES.\*

MR. JENNINGS's object in writing the work before us has been, he tells us in the preface, "to explain the original plan and design of the American Constitution, to review the changes which have been made in it in subsequent times, and to describe its present condition and working." His opening chapter contains a very fair and lucid statement of the theory of the Government, but when he comes to point out what he considers the aberrations from the constitutional standard which have taken place in practice, particularly during the last six years, he gets into difficulties. For instance, in talking of the differences of opinion which have prevailed as to whether or not the Constitution can be stretched so as to make it meet such emergencies as the civil war, he talks of the decision of the Supreme Court in the *Milligan* case as having given "authority and sanction" to "the party" which contended that "the Constitution was binding on the nation for ever, and could neither be abridged nor extended, no matter what perils or difficulties arise." All that was decided in that case, however, was that the President could not suspend the habeas corpus and order men to be tried by military tribunals in places in which the courts were open and their process was obeyed. The discussion of which Mr. Jennings

\* "Eighty Years of Republican Government in the United States. By Louis J. Jennings." New York: Charles Scribner & Co.

speaks, touching the powers of Congress, was entirely irrelevant, bore on no point before the court, and gave no "authority or sanction" to any party or to any particular set of opinions. When, also, Mr. Jennings deliberately asserts, as he does in the same chapter, "that the Constitution has been subjected to so many violent changes that its framers, could they see it once more, would detect but few traces of their work," he talks in a style which deprives the remainder of his work of all claim to the confidence of the candid reader. This is the sort of stuff one hears every day from declaimers of the extreme Southern party, but it is not the language of a philosophical observer. We assert, on the contrary, that if Hamilton or Madison were to revisit the earth, he would not find in a single State in the North the slightest indication of any change whatever in the Constitution. There is no act of Congress enforced in any of these States, and no doctrine enunciated by the courts, either State or Federal, of which the constitutionality has ever been disputed. In the South the case is very different. There the Government is dealing with a state of things for which the framers of the Constitution professed their inability to provide, and it is doing divers things for which it would be hard to find a warrant in the fundamental law, but nobody talks of them as precedents or as having effected changes in the Constitution. The Constitution is not in force there just as it was not in force on the field of Gettysburg during the battle; but to say that it was abolished or changed in the State of Pennsylvania because a writ of habeas corpus could not have been executed in the village during the fight would be very wild talk.

We say the same of the assertion "that under the influence of an organic national law which every side might interpret as it pleased, which might be held to mean one thing one week and a totally different thing the next, the whole character of the Government has been changed. No one can say with any certainty what will be even its leading features in ten years to come" (p. 25, Am. ed.) That is, nobody can say with certainty that in 1878 the United States will not be governed by an absolute monarch. Anybody who knows American society as well as anybody ought to know it to write a disquisition on its political tendencies, can, we submit, pronounce on this point, and on many others about which Mr. Jennings is extremely doubtful, with the utmost certainty. With a similar want of perspicacity, Mr. Jennings takes Webster's assertion in the Hayne debate in the Senate, that "the people may, if they choose, throw off any government which becomes oppressive and intolerable and erect a better in its stead," to be an admission of the constitutional right of secession. Nothing is better known than that Webster was talking of the right of revolution, which lies behind all constitutions, just as the right of self-defence lies behind all courts and policemen, but the existence of which has to be proved by success.

We do not like to accuse Mr. Jennings of misrepresentation—we are quite sure he is not knowingly guilty of anything of the kind—and yet there is something which can hardly be called by any other name; we refer to it not because it is of any great importance in itself, but because it is illustrative of the temper in which Mr. Jennings has performed his task. Talking of the disgust excited by Mr. Johnson's boasting of his low origin, he says the people "knew who and what Mr. Johnson was before they elected him Vice-President. If the people do not like mechanics to be their chief officers, they need not to go to that class for them. But the truth is, that many of the results of popular government are unsatisfactory to Americans when they are brought into close contact with them." Now, there is in this a very marked *suggestio falsi*. Mr. Johnson was not nominated for the Vice-Presidency because he was of the mechanic class. Neither his origin nor his calling had anything to do with it. He was nominated by the Republican convention because he was a prominent Tennesseean politician, and was the only senator from any of the seceding States who had remained faithful to the Union. He happened to be of low origin; but that circumstance exercised no more influence on his nomination than his height or the color of his hair. In other words, he was selected, as all presidential candidates are, from amongst those whom the various States present as their picked men, and a more intimate knowledge of American society would have prevented Mr. Jennings from supposing that the origin of a politician exercises here, as it does in England, any material influence on his fortunes. Mr. Pendleton is at this moment the most popular Democratic politician in the West, and for much the same reason that Mr. Lincoln was at one time the most popular Republican politician, and yet Mr. Lincoln began life as a rail-splitter, and Mr. Pendleton is "a gentleman" by birth and position.

Here is another extraordinary statement:

"The executive is a prize contended for chiefly by hungry place-hunters, or by the obscure and illiterate puppets of a faction. The educated class has been driven from the ranks of competitors. The office has almost ceased to be an object of ambition," etc., etc.

We shall only say of this, that the only men who have ever occupied the place by the deliberate choice of the people who could be called "illiterate" and "obscure," have been Jackson and Lincoln. Jackson was a distinguished soldier—the first after Washington. Lincoln was the ablest debater in behalf of the free-soil doctrine the West had produced. All other presidents have had as good an education, either from books or society, as the country can afford. The candidate on whom the choice of the North is now falling is a general who has few, if any, living superiors—a regularly educated soldier, on whom the highest military distinctions have already been conferred. His possible rivals are the Chief-Justice of the Supreme Court, ex-Governor Seymour, of New York, and Mr. Pendleton, of Ohio, the two latter being men of as good education, both in the technical and in the larger sense of the word, as are to be found in the country; both men of fortune, and of high social position and of good family. We are getting rather tired of being told that educated men have been driven from political life in America. If we had the time or space, we should have little difficulty in showing that the politicians from every State are fair representatives of the society from which they come; that if poets and philosophers do not abound in Congress or in the State legislatures, it is because they do not abound amongst the people. We may add that we should find some difficulty in mentioning a single man of education, possessing the qualifications which would fit him for political life in England, who wants to get into political life in America and cannot. It is not every man of education who is fit to be a politician in any country.

In the chapter on the judiciary Mr. Jennings falls into some other errors—in themselves slight, but yet sufficient to impair his authority still further. The Dred Scott decision, for instance, was not, "as a general rule, disregarded till slavery was abolished." That decision was simply that persons of African blood could not sue or be sued in the Federal courts, and it was in no case disregarded till slavery was abolished. So also, as we have already remarked, the Supreme Court in the Milligan case did not decide that all military tribunals, under all circumstances, were unlawful, but that military tribunals established by the President alone, away from the scene of hostilities, were unlawful. Mr. Jennings also asserts, in contradiction to De Tocqueville, that "the people practically compel the Supreme Court to apply laws which it has pronounced unconstitutional. The legislature first passes such laws; the people support the legislature; and the Government is obliged to see that the laws are carried into execution." It would be difficult to get more confusion into the same space than we find here. The Supreme Court does not pronounce laws unconstitutional, except incidentally in giving judgment in controversies between private suitors; it only "applies laws" to the cases which come before it in the regular way; and to talk of the people "practically compelling it to apply laws" which it has already pronounced unconstitutional is simply absurd. The Supreme Court does not pronounce laws unconstitutional till after they are passed; but it is not its business either to enforce or hinder their execution. A court, as Hamilton says, "exercises judgment, and not will; it declares the sense of the law;" with its execution it has nothing to do; and no attempt till the introduction of the recent bills into Congress has ever been made to prevent its declaring the sense of the law.

Mr. Jennings mentions as a monstrous thing that Congress, in 1867, refused to admit into the Union two Territories as States "unless they changed the organic law of their constitutions so that it should not exclude negroes from the suffrage." He has surely forgotten that Congress has always held, and has frequently exercised, the right of insisting on the insertion in, or exclusion from, the territorial constitutions of any condition it pleased as a condition precedent of admission to the Union. "The measure," he says, "was not carried without protests and arguments from many members." Very likely not; but were they not the same members who, before the war, argued and protested in vain against Congress forcing Territories applying for admission to the Union to prohibit slavery in their organic law?

We had marked a great many other passages for the same kind of criticism. We have space, however, for only two more citations. Mr. Jennings says: "The House of Commons, since the year 1862, has been said to be an epitome of the English nation; the House of Representatives is nothing but a deputation from the least cultivated classes in America. There is no great interest, whether of capital or labor, in the world of commerce or in the world of thought, which has not hitherto been faithfully reflected and honestly guarded without detriment to other interests in the House of Commons." We may fairly turn this last proposition over to the authors of the "Essays on Reform." Of the first we shall only say, that it reveals a singular



notion of the nature and object of representation. The representative body of every country represents "the least cultivated classes." In what country are the scholars and philosophers in possession of the government? One other specimen of what we must call Mr. Jennings's loose writing and extravagant talking, and we have done. He says: "The best known preacher in America gains his notoriety *solely* by the freedom with which he discusses on Sunday morning, from a text of Scripture, the acts of public men, and the turn affairs are likely to take." The singular incorrectness of this statement it would be difficult to make anybody understand who was not a regular hearer of Mr. Beecher, who is, of course, here meant.

Mr. Jennings indulges in one practice which we consider unfair and misleading. He quotes exposures of abuses from American newspapers and other periodicals as proof of the failure of the government; that is, he points to the use of the principal instrument of reform, in a free country, as proof that reform is hopeless. He cites, for instance, the *Nation's* denunciation of the caucus system, *à propos* of the nomination of P. T. Barnum, but forgets to mention that Barnum was defeated, and forgets also to call attention to the fact that the ups and downs of party warfare in America are caused entirely by the revolt of the voters against the caucuses.

We might say a great deal that is good of the book. All the narrative parts—all parts, in short, for which Mr. Jennings could draw his materials from books, are admirable, and the tone is throughout kindly. The author, too, writes like a gentleman, and evidently tries—as well as strong conservative prejudices and a too great eagerness for generalization will let him—to do justice. We, however, regret the success of the book in England, as indicated by the sale of two editions. We are satisfied it will only thicken the fog through which most Englishmen look at the United States.

#### MODERN STREET BALLADS OF IRELAND.\*

THE street ballad is a very important element in the life of the Irish peasant. It supplies the place of the newspaper, not only appealing to his passion or his reason, but being a general chronicle of news, both local and general. Every remarkable event—wedding, wake, execution, robbery, race, hunt—within a wide circle is seized with avidity by the ballad singers as a subject for verse, and not only these, but any notable political or religious event abroad that appeals to the knowledge or interest of the Irish peasant is sung, instead of being read, all over the country.

The peripatetic Homers themselves who give bodily form to the voice of the people are to be found in greatest abundance at fairs and market days, although in cities like Cork or Waterford one or more is pretty sure to be encountered every day except Sunday. At a fair in a market town, amid the throng of buyers and sellers, arguing for the odd shilling or ha'penny with Celtic vehemence, you are sure to come upon a denser crowd than usual grouped around a common centre, from the midst of which arises a voice in an indescribable, melancholy cadence, soaring and falling in a sort of pillelu falsetto, like no tone of voice producible by human throat except an Irish ballad singer's. Here is a ballad singer, perhaps two, for they often sing in couples. The first voice will "rise" it:

"Come all you feeling Christyuns, with me now sympathi-i-i-ze,"

then a second will join, and both together soar to the heights of lamentation and fall to the depths of woe with the next line in unison, and so on single and double alternately to the end. While the leading woman is singing her solo, the second is rapidly selling from the bundle in her left hand to the audience, never failing to join in refrain at the proper instant, although in the very act of dealing out a ballad or taking a ha'penny. The female minstrels are usually dressed in long cloaks faded to a greenish-brown, their faces pale and worn, and their voices lost to all semblance of woman's characteristic from being strained in continual falsetto. They sing with lack-lustre eyes, and apparently without the slightest feeling of the subject-matter. All the ballads are not lamentations. Many of them are quite jovial in expression, but "Finnegan's Ball" is transformed into the same melancholy cadence, at once outrageously comical and lugubrious, as "Willy Reilly" or any other tragedy. The men are not a whit more jaunty than the women. Usually clad in a long and tattered frieze great-coat, the old caubeen is not boldly cocked, but rather hung on the back of the head, and the whole air is one of despondency. In fact, the ballad singers are the most melancholy set of beings in all Ireland. The beggars wear a jovial look beside them. All poets are popularly accused of melancholy, however, and every ballad singer is his own poet. Any one will

improvise a ballad of the established pattern in an hour's time on any theme in the heavens above or on the earth beneath, not to mention a glimpse of purgatory or the lower regions.

The patriotic songs are disappointing. There are but few which stir the blood like "the sound of a trumpet." Centuries of oppression have stifled the voices, if not chilled the hearts, of the minstrels. There were no great victories to sing, no triumphant heroes to reward their strains. Everything to be proud of was associated with defeat and woe. The songs of the vanquished were silenced in the presence of the victors, and their secret voices were only of hope or despair. In most of the political songs even at the present day allegory is largely used. Ireland is usually typified under the name of "The Old Woman," "The Green Linnet," "The Dear Black Cow," or as some resplendent maiden in despair, "Roisin Dubh" (Black Rose), etc. The police keep a sharp lookout on the ballad singers, and the singing of "The Wearing of the Green" or the like would be the signal for instant arrest. The seditious ballads which are sung by stealth, and often unprinted, are not usually the production of the hackneyed professionals. They have a bolder mint-mark. The following verses are taken from a composition entitled "The Irishman's Farewell to his Country," which is a specimen of this class. It was probably composed by some indignant peasant as he brooded in his cabin with an empty cupboard and a cold hearthstone. Its feeling is too deep to be artificial:

"On Irish soil my fathers dwelt since the days of Brian Boru;  
They paid their rent, and lived content, convenient to Carrimore.  
But the landlord sent on the move my poor father and me.  
We must leave our home, far away to roam, in the fields of America.

"No more at the churchyard, *store machree*, at my mother's grave I'll kneel.  
The tyrants know but little of the woe a poor man has to feel.  
When I look on the spot of ground that is so dear to me,  
I could curse the laws that have given me cause to depart for America.

"Oh, *Erin machree*, must our children be exiled all over the earth?  
Will they evermore think of you, *astore*, and the land that gave them birth?  
Must the Irish yield to the beasts of the field? Oh, no! *acushla store machree*,  
They are coming back in ships, with vengeance on their lips, from the shore of America."

Among the Fenian poets of the present day there is but one that deserves the slightest shred of laurel. Charles J. Kickham, now under sentence of fourteen years' penal servitude in the prison at Dartmoor, has written two or three ballads of genuine merit, which the people have at once adopted as household songs. His "Rory of the Hills" is the finest of the genuine Fenian ballads. It begins—

"That rake up near the rafters,  
Why leave it there so long?  
The handle, of the best of ash,  
Is smooth and straight and strong.  
And, mother, will you tell me  
Why did my father frown,  
When to make hay in summer time  
I climbed to take it down?  
She looked into her husband's eyes,  
While her own with light did fill,  
'You'll shortly know the reason why,'  
Says Rory of the Hills."

The love songs are more numerous and of higher quality than the patriotic. The pulses of the heart are free, and its utterance clearer in human love than in that for the country. Nevertheless, the love songs of a modern date are inferior to those written in the Irish language. There is nothing to compare with such gems of ancient melody as "The Coolen," "Cashel of Munster," "Youghal Harbor," "The Exile's Flower of Love," "Maire in Millecin," and many more, which make the Irish poetry of love hardly inferior to that of Scotland even. Translations of the ancient Irish love songs, transmogrified though they may be into barbarous verse, are still among the most popular favorites, and their expressions and images are to be found in almost every song of modern date.

There is one thing particularly noticeable about all these ballads, and that is the utter absence of licentiousness or vulgarity. There is in but very few even that plainness of speech which could be called coarseness in refined society. This is a fact that speaks volumes for the native purity of the Irish heart. The Irish peasant girls are the most virtuous of their class and condition in the world. This is owing to the influence of the confessional and the strong feeling of family pride, which retains its hold on even the poorest, as well as to the custom of universal and early marriage. Not but there are cases of unfortunates who have "made a slip," and are obliged to flee from the wrath of their kindred with base-born offspring in their arms, to tramp the roads in beggary, or herd in vice and misery in colonies, of which the "Wrens" of the Curragh of Kildare are by no means solitary specimens. But the cases are comparatively few, although the ballads often relate such homely tragedies.

\* Street Ballads. Cork, 1866. Street Ballads. Dublin, 1866.

Bits of poetry can be picked out of almost every love ballad of description or feeling, as witness the following:

"One pleasant evening, when pinks and daisies  
Closed in their bosoms one drop of dew."

"'Twas on a bright morning in summer,  
I first heard his voice spakin' low,  
As he said to the colleen beside me—  
'Who's that purty girl milking her cow?'"

"My love is far fairer than the bright summer's day,  
His breath is far sweeter than the new-mown hay,  
His hair shines like gold revived by the sun,  
And he takes his denomination from the Drien Dhun."\*

"Her hands are whiter than the snow  
Upon the mountain side,  
And softer than the creamy foam  
That floats upon the tide."

"More welcome than the blossom to the weary, dusty bee."

The "lamentations" or confessions of condemned criminals come next in point of popularity, murder next to love being the most entrancing theme for the uncultivated muse. The "lamentations" supply the place of the reports in *Police Gazettes* of more cultivated lands, and all follow a stereotyped pattern. The first verse begins with a soliloquy by the prisoner on his unfortunate condition and impending fate; then an account is given in the third person, varying at will to the first, of the particulars of the tragedy, concluding invariably with an appeal, in the first person, to all good Christians to pray for his soul, and a regret at the disgrace he has brought upon his relatives. The death penalty has not of late been inflicted for political offences, and it is seldom now, in comparison with the good old times, that agrarian troubles lead to tragical results. The shooting of an agent or a landlord and the consequent hanging of the murderer, once of common enough occurrence, are now seldom known, and the martyr element in these ballads, the cursing of the cruel laws, and the exhortation of vengeance on the informer, are extinct also.

The lamentations are of more unequal merit, and generally inferior to the love songs. They are seldom adapted even to the melancholy melodies in which Irish music is so abundant. Once in a while is a touch of untaught pathos:

"The anguish of a troubled heart no mortal tongue can tell."

"The mother got distracted, and fell to deep despair  
With the wringing of her hands and the tearing of her hair."

There is one of these lamentations which is occasionally to be met with in a bunch of modern ballads, although it is upwards of eighty years old, which is of singular strength and pathos. It is sung to a sweet and melancholy air, and may be occasionally heard at wakes in the County Waterford, around the Loomeragh Mountains, where William Crotty, a notorious highwayman and robber, lived. The air, when sung in the presence of the dead, and in the stillness of the hushed faces around, generally by a woman, is profoundly touching. It is the prisoner's wife who laments:

"William Crotty, I often tould you  
That David Norris would have sould you,  
In your bed, as you lay sleeping,  
And lave me here in sorrow weeping.  
Oh! hone, O!"

"O! the judge, but he was cruel.  
Refused a long day to my jewel.  
Sure I thought that you would may be  
See the face of your poor baby.  
Oh! hone, O!"

Among the narrative ballads of the present time occurrences in America, particularly of the war, are very prominent. Among a people almost every one of whom looks on America as a future home, or has one or more relatives in it, the war was of absorbing interest, and was a fruitful source of profit to the ballad singers. As a general thing, the sympathies of the Irish peasantry were with the majority of their kindred in the North. The acts of the substitute brokers in enlisting emigrants just landed did not fail to be noticed, and "the glorious victory of seven Irishmen over the kidnapping Yankees in New York" relates the defeat of a party of such by the blackthorns of the "sons of Granua Vaile." The Know-Nothing excitement also produced its crop of ballads; "the pulling down of the chapels by the infidel New Lights in America" had more than one veracious chronicler, and the burning or wreck of any emigrant ship is straightway told in doleful verse. The mundane affairs of Pope Pius are a fruitful subject. O'Connell's death produced more elegies—than there were hairs on his head, we were going to say—but he wore a

wig. Napoleon's downfall has not yet passed to oblivion as a subject of lamentation, and almost every priest or popular landlord is honored at his death with an extemporized effusion.

The eulogies of person or place, a gentleman or his seat, are innumerable, and in these the climax of absurdity is reached. The themes which sometimes stir the simplest mind to poetry are absent; gratitude, prospective or retrospective, for food and whiskey, is the only incentive, and the result is a "composition," as the bards are fond of terming their productions, which the broadest imagination must fail to burlesque. The longest words, the wildest metaphors, the most outrageous anti-climaxes and misapplied long words, given, as O'Connell called a witness a "naufraugous ruffian" because it sounded well, are the main staple of these performances.

We should like to say a word concerning the wealth of old ballad poetry, which the extinction of the Irish as a living language has destroyed in the hearts and tongues of the people, but a portion of which has been preserved in collections more or less complete by the few who have seen their merit, and translated them well or ill into language by which they can be known to the general English reader; but even to glance at their characteristics, or to give any intelligible idea of their nature, would require a larger space than has been already occupied.

### GOLDWIN SMITH'S THREE ENGLISH STATESMEN.\*

WE are reminded of our long delay in calling attention to the work before us by the news which comes to us from the other side of the water that the author is about to take up his abode in this country for as long a period as may be necessary to complete a book on civilization in the United States, which he has now in contemplation. He feels, we believe, that the political work on which he has for so many years been engaged in England is done. When he entered upon it, the popular cause received little or no assistance from men of culture. Before the passage of the last Reform bill the ranks were crowded with members of the universities, and hundreds of pens and tongues which had received the highest training were employed in laboring for the political and social elevation of the great mass of Englishmen. The step has been taken which makes the working-classes to a large extent the arbiters of their own destinies. Whether they will go any further in the work of political change it now rests with themselves to say. Mr. Smith feels, we believe, that he may safely and honorably do what enfeebled health and his own tastes have long prompted him to do—retire for a season, at least, from the political arena and devote himself to the arts which he has always loved best, and to the successful cultivation of which he has owed nearly all his success as a politician.

As a politician he has had some necessary, and, we may add, honorable, defeats—defeats which he shares with Mr. Gladstone, with Falkland, with Hampden, with Fletcher of Saltoun, with Romilly, with every man who, having in the closet produced and cherished a high and pure idea, brings it down with him into the tumult of the forum, and seeks to realize it or exact its realization of others engaged in the practice of politics. Such men cannot but be exacting, cannot but be hard to satisfy. They would lose half their value if they were not. It is only by being exacting, and exacting to the verge of intolerance, that they can ever keep the eyes of the common herd of politicians fixed on any standard higher than that which their own petty interests and small passions may create. Goldwin Smith, too, made his entry into political life when all or nearly all men of education who took any part in politics had become deeply imbued with the Palmerstonian feeling about politics—that it was absurd in a gentleman to get excited about them, and that earnestness was a sign of wildness. The appearance of a man of his temperament and tone in the field was almost as distasteful as the appearance of a Puritan amongst Rupert's horse, and the easy-going Liberals found him a fellow-soldier whose ardor made both march and bivouac anything but easy, and who, not sparing himself, forgave nobody else for taking his ease.

He has had no equal amongst modern English writers and politicians in that most difficult and yet most useful art, the extraction from history, for contemporary use, of doctrine, of reproof, and of instruction. There is no greater master of the earnest rhetorical style living, and he has the power of saturating his brain with his subject, if we may so speak, before beginning to treat it, in a degree to which few if any modern writers have ever attained.

The three essays on Pym, Cromwell, and Pitt are excellent specimens of what he can do in this field. They are, though in form simply historical essays by a professor of history, in reality political articles written by

\* Brown thorn.

\* "Three English Statesmen: A Course of Lectures on the Political History of England. By Goldwin Smith." New York: Harper & Brothers. 1867.



a practical politician in the service of a momentous though peaceful revolution, and, in fact, that they are really this, and little else, is their *raison d'être*. He makes no contributions to our stock of knowledge regarding either of the three, and does not by any means exhaust, it is evident, his store of comment or generalization. But he so handles them and the times in which they lived as to make their lives a great political lesson. Pym is his typical member of Parliament, his typical constitutional reformer, his typical gentleman devoted to public affairs; Cromwell his typical democratic chief, brought to the front by bloody revolution; Pitt the typical aristocratic minister, though he divides him into two—one, the ante-revolutionary reforming Pitt; the other, the post-revolutionary repressive, coercive Pitt, contending vainly with the forces of a new age. In treating the latter the author draws a vigorous picture, though in very few strokes, of the political degradation by which Pitt was surrounded, of that ripeness for the reforming sickle which the English Government of that day showed.

There is hardly a page which does not contain some bit of political wisdom worth pondering and retaining. Some of the applications of the lessons the author makes to the circumstances and men of our own time are, to our minds, so direct and pointed as to injure the literary finish of the essays, which would, as political homilies, have, we think, been more effective if their precise bearing on modern politics had been oftener left to the reader to decide for himself. But even as works of art the essays will repay the most careful study. In days when most political writers are either mere bloated enthusiasts, panting and groaning with every blow they receive, or else awkward louts, half whose blows are foul, and whose clumsy violence makes all their blows ineffective, it is a real treat—we hope Mr. Smith will forgive us the simile—to have a real master of the manly art show us what training can do for eye and hand and wind and muscle.

*Leaves from the Journal of our Life in the Highlands from 1848 to 1861.* Edited by Arthur Helps. (New York: Harper & Bros. 1868).—There is really very little to "notice" in the Queen's second volume. There are only a few pages in it which can be said to be more than a mere itinerary, and these were all published by the daily papers within a few days of the appearance of the book. Of the work itself, taken as a whole, we have much the same opinion that we expressed about the former volume. It reveals the Queen to the public as a model wife and mother; that is, as a much better specimen of what is called "the true woman" than the world at large was disposed to believe a queen could be, or ever was; but it unquestionably helps to make queens *quid* queens seem of very much less value than the world was disposed to think them. For this reason we look

on the publication of this volume as another political mistake—as one of the many incidents which are day by day loosening the hold of feudal royalty and feudal aristocracy on the popular imagination. We do not rejoice at this; we regret it. If we are to have monarchies, we prefer monarchies like Queen Victoria's, based on sentiment, to monarchies of the new Caesarist type, based on force and existing by the will of the Zouaves. But we fear Queen Victoria has done more than any one has ever done to make monarchy based on sentiment impossible. People may weep as much as they please over the charming picture of her domestic life she draws in this volume; but no nation will ever, in this age of the world, long surround with veneration an office which it is told can be filled with great credit and perfect efficiency by an excellent woman, of very moderate abilities, very imperfect education, entirely absorbed in her husband and children, thinking his thoughts, repeating his most commonplace sayings as the profoundest wisdom, and making his comfort and happiness the great object of her life. Burke denounced very fiercely the French Jacobins for "tearing off all the decent drapery of life," "all the superadded ideas furnished from the wardrobe of the moral imagination," and maintaining that "a king is but a man and a queen but a woman;" but we doubt if their "scheme of things" was ever more effectually aided than by the revelations of life at the English Court which are now being delivered to the public.

The share of Mr. Arthur Helps in the undertaking is only justifiable on the theory that kings are the anointed of the Lord, and that a "divinity" hedges them about. But this theory has not been recognized in England since 1688. Looking at the Queen in the character assigned her by the English Constitution, his preface is very amusing reading, though when one remembers his claims on the gratitude and respect of the reading world it is worse than amusing. If anybody wants a really merry half-hour, however, we recommend him to the reviews of the book which have appeared in the English Radical papers. These journals try, and have always tried, to atone for their radicalism in politics by being far more loyal than the Tories, and they accordingly almost go into hysterics over the "Journal in the Highlands." The *Morning Star* recommends the issue of a cheap edition, and roars for a circulation of two or three hundred thousand, like that of "Uncle Tom's Cabin."

There is only one feature in the book which tends to give even a shade of unpleasant feeling with regard to the Queen personally, and this is the picture of complete absorption in her personal interests and enjoyments which it presents. But this may be, and doubtless is, due to the exclusion, of which Mr. Helps speaks, of all matter of a political character or bearing.

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